شیخ مفید

عمار چغتائی

Ac No. 3353

قدر و قیمت

مجھے اپنے عزیز دوستوں اور کرم فرماؤں کا شکریہ ادا کرنا ہے جنھوں نے
میرا حوصلہ اور اعتماد بڑھایا اور میرے اس نیک ارادے کو پھلنے پھولنے کا موقع مہیا
کیا جس کا بنیادی پتھر شاعرِ مشرق علامہ اقبال کی زندگی میں رکھا تھا اور انتہائی مشکلات
کے باوجود اس کام کو آسان سمجھا تھا۔

وہ مخلص شخصیت جو دکھ سکھ میں برابر ساتھ دیتی رہی
آنریبل جسٹس سپریم کورٹ ایس اے **رحمٰن** صاحب
کی ہے، جنھوں نے ہر موڑ پر بلند نظر انسان ہونے کا ثبوت دیا۔

پروفیسر سید وقار عظیم صاحب کا میں دلی ممنون ہوں
جنھوں نے اردو مسودہ جات کو پڑھا

اس سلسلہ میں مجھے اپنے عزیز بھائی عبدالرحیم صاحب کا بھی ذکر کرنا ہے جن
کی ان تھک کوشش اور تعاون سے یہ اشاعت یہ مرقع اس معیار سے صورت پذیر ہوا
اور میں اپنی ذمہ داریوں سے عہدہ برآ ہونے کے قابل ہوا ہوں۔

حیات و موت نہیں التفات کے لائق
فقط خودی ہے خودی کی نگاہ کا مقصود

محمد عبدالرحمٰن خان

لہو ترنگ

آنسو ہیں تو آنسو مگر ان کی مختلف قسمیں ہیں۔ آنسو اکثر تو غم و اندوہ کے اظہار کے لئے بہتے ہیں، لیکن کبھی کبھار خوشی میں بہتے تو نہیں اچھل آتے ہیں۔ میں اس عرصہ میں کس آرزو کی بھینٹ چڑھا اور وہ کون سی آرزو تھی جس نے ساتھ دیا۔ نقش ہائے رنگا رنگ کی اشاعت سے واضح ہے۔ جذبات کی طغیانی اور مسلسل جد و جہد کس طرح ارتقا کی منزلیں طے کرتی رہی۔ اور ذہنی توازن کو متزلزل کرنے میں مشکلات اور رکاوٹیں کس صورت نازل ہوتی رہیں کچھ میں ہی جانتا ہوں۔

اعلیٰ مقاصد کے زیر نظر میری تصویروں کی نمائش ۱۹۴۹ء میں منعقد ہوئی۔ اس کے بعد ۱۹۵۲ء، ۱۹۵۵ء اور ۱۹۵۸ء میں مختلف نمائشیں ترتیب پاتی رہیں ——— بڑی بڑی اُمیدوں اور سرگرمیِ عمل سے ایک جہاں آباد ہوا تو فرد اور جماعت کا خاکہ لکھنے پر مجبور ہوا۔ آج ۱۹۶۸ء روانی واں ہے۔ اور میں مطمئن ہوں کہ وہ سرمایہ جو کارِ خیر کے لیے ہزاروں حیلوں بہانوں سے جمع کیا تھا، اس **لہو ترنگ** میں رچا ہوا نظر آرہا ہے۔

علامہ **اقبال** کے اس مصور ایڈیشن کی تکمیل کے دوران مشکلات کے زیر اثر کچھ یوں محسوس ہوتا رہا کہ ابھی ہمارے ہاں ذوقِ نظری میں وہ وسعت پیدا نہیں ہوئی۔ کہ کوئی احساس مند فراغت و یکسوئی کے ساتھ معاشرے کی علمی ادبی خدمت انجام دے سکے۔ بعض کم نظر افسروں نے اپنی کم نظری کو بلند نگاہی پر ترجیح دی۔ شناساؤں نے حد سے پرے پہنچایا۔ مگر اپنے اعتماد نے انا کو ٹھیس لگنے نہ دی۔ اس خیال سے بھی کہ منزل تک پہنچنے کے لئے راستے میں طوفان اور چٹانوں کا حائل ہونا فطرت کا تقاضا ہے ؎

جب تک نہ زندگی کے حقائق پہ ہو نظر
تیرا زجاج ہو نہ سکے گا حریفِ سنگ
یہ زورِ دست و ضربتِ کاری کا ہے مقام
میدانِ جنگ میں نہ طلب کر نوائے چنگ
خونِ دل و جگر سے ہے سرمایہ حیات
فطرت لہو ترنگ ہے غافل نہ جل ترنگ

محمد عبدالرحمٰن چغتائی
۱۹۶۸

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انقلابی حکومت کی مجبوریاں، مجبوریاں رہیں۔ اور میں آپ اپنی مجبوریوں کا شکار ہوتا رہا۔ ہم پر زخم کھائے۔ اور پریشانیوں پر پریشانیاں اٹھائیں لیکن حوصلے کو پست نہ ہونے دیا۔ اپنی آرزوؤں کی خاطر در بہ در دستک دی۔ اقبال کو وسیلہ بنایا اور اس کی تخلیق کا ہر ورق الٹ پلٹ کر دکھایا مگر بے اعتنائی اور بے نیازی نے مایوس لوٹایا۔ اس پر بھی خود اعتمادی نے ساتھ نہ چھوڑا۔ اور میں اس خود اعتمادی کے سہارے اس عمل میں مصروف رہا جس سے ایک عظیم ثقافتی انقلاب بپا کرنا مقصود تھا۔

علامہ اقبالؒ کی ہمیشہ یہ آرزو رہی کہ ان کے کلام کا ایک باتصویر اور جامع ایڈیشن شائع کیا جائے۔ وہ اکثر فرمایا کرتے تھے کہ صحت بحال ہو جائے تو جاوید نامہ کا انگریزی میں ترجمہ کروں گا۔ اسے ترتیب دوں گا۔ اس میں تمہاری بنائی ہوئی تصویریں ہوں گی۔ اور اس مصور ایڈیشن کو نوبل پرائز کے لئے پیش کیا جائیگا۔ علامہ مرحوم کی اس خواہش کو میں نے اپنی آرزو بنا لیا لیکن اس آرزو کو عملی صورت دینے میں پچیس سال گذر گئے۔ اور اب ان کی فلسفیانہ و شاعرانہ تخیل خیزیاں رنگوں اور خطوں کے سانچے میں ڈھل کر جمالی اور جلالی صفات کے ایک پیکر کی صورت میں رونما ہوئی ہیں۔ علامہ مرحوم زندہ ہوتے تو اس پیکر کو ان کی خدمت میں پیش کر کے اپنی محنت کی داد طلب کرتا۔

میرا خیال ہے کہ ذوق کی فراوانی سے کامرانی ہاتھ آتی ہے۔ میں اپنی ناکامیوں اور پریشانیوں کے باوجود برسرِ عمل اور مستعد رہا کہ مجاہدوں کا شیوہ یہی ہے۔ اقبال نے بھی یہی تعلیم دی ہے۔ اقبال کی تعلیم کا اثر، ذوق کی رہنمائی اور مسلسل کاوش —— ان چیزوں کی بدولت جو کچھ ہو سکا، وہ کر دکھایا۔ اس ایڈیشن پر کم و بیش تین لاکھ روپیہ خرچ ہوا ہے۔ کس طرح ہوا؟ —— اس کی داستان طویل بھی ہے اور ناگفتنی بھی

شعر اور تصویر کا رشتہ بڑا نازک ہے۔ شعر تخلیق کے بعد ہزاروں بار پڑھا جاتا ہے اور ہزاروں

بار چھپتا ہے لیکن اس میں کسی طرح کا فرق نہیں آتا۔ تصویر کی تخلیق ایک قلم کا بوجھ ہے۔ وہ بیسیوں مراحل سے گزرتی ہے تو تصویر کہلاتی ہے۔ اس کا دوسروں تک پہنچانا اور تخلیق کا احساس دلانا ایک کارِ دشوار ہے۔ تصویر میں سقم پیدا ہونے کے امکانات اس درجہ ہیں کہ ذرا سے قلم سے تصویر تصویر نہیں رہتی۔ انہیں مراحل اور مشکلات کے پیشِ نظر موجودہ ایڈیشن کو درجۂ تکمیل تک پہنچانے میں تقریباً دس بارہ سال کا عرصہ لگ گیا ہے اور آرزوؤں میں ابھی تک وہی تشنگی اور حسرت ہے۔ پچھلے بارہ پندرہ سال کس طرح گذرے اور مخلص دوستوں اور صاحبانِ نظر نے کس کس طرح مدد کی۔ کلامِ اقبال کے مصور ایڈیشن کے لئے شوق نے کیسے کیسے انگیخ کیا ہیں اور تمناؤں کی برآوری کے لئے دعائیں مانگیں، ان سب باتوں کا حال دل ہی جانتا ہے۔ اُمید ہے کہ جو کچھ میں نے طرح طرح کی مشکلات کے باوجود پیش کیا ہے علامہ کے شیدائیوں اور دیدہ وروں کو اپنی طرف متوجہ کریگا اور میں جلد از جلد دوسری جلد شائع کر سکوں گا۔ اور یوں کور ذوقی اور بے بصیرتی کے لئے ذوق اور بصیرت کی تازہ راہیں کھلیں گی۔

بہت سی مجبوریوں کے زیرِ اثر میں نے شاعرِ مشرق علامہ اقبال کے مصور ایڈیشن کو دو حصوں میں تقسیم کر دیا ہے۔ پہلی جلد پیشِ خدمت ہے۔ دوسری جلد کی تیاری ابھی سے شروع ہو گئی ہے۔ کہ وہ مواد، معیار اور حسن میں بہتر ہو۔

اقبال کا کلام ایک بحرِ بیکراں ہے۔ اس بحر کی غوطہ زنی آسان کام نہیں پھر بھی اگر زندگی کے مراحل طے ہو سکے تو کوشش کروں گا کہ بہترین غزلیں اور نظمیں اسی طرح تصویروں کے سانچے میں ڈھل سکیں جس طرح ایک آدھ غزل اور نظم کو اس وقت پرانے ایرانی مرقعوں کی شکل دے دی ہے۔ تصویر کوئی بھی ہو الفاظ کی ترجمانی کے لئے جواز پیدا کر لیتی ہے۔ اور پھر صاحبِ نظر ایک ایک تصویر میں کئی کئی شعروں، غزلوں اور نظموں کے ایسے معنی تلاش کر سکتا ہے جو اس کی ذہنی بلندیوں سے مطابقت رکھتے ہوں۔

علامہ اقبال کے اکثر شیدائیوں کو تصویروں سے زیادہ لگاؤ نہیں اور بہت سوں نے تصویریں دیکھیں تو اُنس سے مَس نہ ہوئے۔ جب تک تصویریں دکھاتا رہا یوں محسوس ہوتا رہا کہ کسی گناہ بلکہ عظیم گناہ کا

مرکب ہو رہا ہوں۔ اس جبر کی حالت میں بھی تصویریں بناتا رہا اور کوشش کرتا رہا کہ ایسی تصویریں نہ بنیں جن کے کچھ معنی نکلتے ہوں۔

تصویریں بناتا رہا۔ تصویریں بنتی رہیں۔ مگر اس طویل عرصے میں یہ احساس بڑھتا رہا کہ تصویریں دیکھنے والے نگاہ باز آہستہ آہستہ آنکھوں سے اوجھل ہوتے جا رہے ہیں۔ میرے پردادا کا نام بابا صلاح معمار تھا۔ وہ صلاح چنتہ کے نام سے مشہور تھے اور مہاراجہ کھڑک سنگھ کے دربار میں معمار تھے۔ غالباً ان بزرگان مہندس میں سے تھے۔ جو تاج محل، لال قلعہ اور شاہی مسجد جیسی رفیع الشان عمارتوں کے خالق ہیں۔ بابا صلاح خاندانی روایات کے مطابق بڑے نکتہ رس اور معاملہ فہم تھے۔ جب کوئی معاملہ الجھتا تو مہاراج کہتے صلاح کو بلاؤ صلاح دے۔ ایک موقع پر مہاراج نے بابا جی کی ذہانت سے متاثر ہو کر سر دربار اپنے جڑاؤ کڑے ہاتھوں سے اتار کر بابا جی کی نذر کر دیئے تھے۔ اس زمانے میں حویلی میاں خاں کے اندر چراغ نامی ایک ترکھان رہتا تھا۔ اُسے اپنے فن پر بڑا مان تھا۔ اُس نے محرم کے لئے بڑی محنت اور جان فشانی سے ایک تعزیہ بنایا۔ جب تعزیہ تیار ہو گیا تو وہ عقیدت مندی کے طور پر بابا صلاح کی خدمت میں حاضر ہوا کہ وہ تعزیہ دیکھ کر داد دیں۔ بابا جی نے تعزیہ دیکھ کر اُستاد کی بہت تعریف کی لیکن دبی زبان سے یہ بھی کہا۔ چراغ۔ یہ تیرا بنایا ہوا تعزیہ دوست دشمن سب نے دیکھنا ہے۔ تعزیہ کی گُتھی کچھ ٹھیک نہیں بنی یعنی اس کی ہوا نہیں لی۔ یہ سُنکر وہ گھر لوٹ آئے۔ اُستاد چراغ اس فکر میں لگ گیا کہ وہ گُتھی کی ہوا نکال کر دم لے گا۔ محرم کا مہینہ سر پر آ گیا۔ جن لوگوں نے اُستاد چراغ کو چراغ سمجھ کر تعزیہ بنانے کا کام سپرد کیا تھا تعزیہ دیکھنے آئے تو دیکھا تعزیے کا جوڑ جوڑ الگ پڑا ہے۔ چراغ دن رات اس فکر میں تھا کہ گُتھی کی ہوا بندی کر کے دم لے گا۔ اچانک اسے خبر ملی کہ بابا صلاح کا انتقال ہو گیا ہے۔ استاد کو یہ سُن کر جو صدمہ ہوا وہ دوسرا کیا جانے۔ اس نے دوبارہ کام کو ہاتھ نہیں لگایا۔ اور یہ کہہ کر خود بھی مر گیا کہ جب دیکھنے والی نگاہ ہی نہیں رہی تو گُتھی کی ہوا بندی ہو بھی گئی تو کیا ہو گا۔ یہی احساس مجھے ہر گھڑی ستاتا رہا اور بڑی مستعدی سے گُتھی کی ہوا بندی میں لگا رہا۔ اپنی دُھن میں جو کر سکا کر دکھایا ہے۔ تاکہ رُوحانی رشتہ ٹوٹنے نہ پائے۔ اور وہ الفاظ جو میں نے اپنے محترم شاعر مشرق کی حیات میں

کہے تھے سند رہیں اور آنے والی نسلیں اپنے معاشرے کو لعن طعن نہ کر سکیں۔

فن کی قدر و منزلت کے متعلق میرا بھی یہ نظریہ ہے کہ دیکھنے اور پرکھنے والی ایک نگاہ بھی مل جائے تو وہ لاکھوں پر بھاری ہے۔ ویسے بھی میرے نزدیک تصویر کی داد طلبی بیوی اور خاوند کا رشتہ ہے۔ کہ اگر وہ اپنی سو سالہ زندگی کے پروگرام کو صرف ایکدوسرے سے "تو اچھا" اور "بہت اچھا" کہہ کر گذار سکتے ہیں تو میں سمجھتا ہوں آرٹسٹ کی تسکین اور تصویر کے اسرار کا رشتہ بھی باہمی تاثر سے مستحکم ہے۔

میں نے یہ فریضہ انجام دینے کی دھن میں نہ صرف اپنے بڑے بڑے مقاصد کو چھوڑا۔ بلکہ ان کا گلا دبا دیا ہے۔ اسے میں نے ہر مقصد پر مقدم جانا۔ اس لئے کہ علامہ سے اس کا وعدہ کر چکا تھا۔ عمر خیام کی اشاعت میرے لئے ایک فطری تقاضا تھا۔ میں نے اسے اس وقت ترک کیا جب وہ تکمیل کی منزل پر تھا۔ اس کی طلب ایک بین الاقوامی طلب تھی۔ اس کے ہر رخ اور پہلو میں حسن کی جولانیاں اور حیات کے جمالیاتی تصور تھے۔ وہ روحانی اور روحانی قدروں کا مرقع تھا The Art of Chughtai کی اشاعت تقسیم کے وقت اس منزل پر پہنچ چکی تھی کہ اب تک اس کے کئی ایڈیشن شائع ہو چکے ہوتے۔ مگر میں نے شاعرِ مشرق کے مصور ایڈیشن کو ان سب پر ترجیح دی اور موجودہ صورت اور معیار میرے لئے طمانیت کا باعث ہے۔

مجھ کو معلوم ہیں پیرانِ حرم کے انداز
ہو نہ اخلاص تو دعویٰ نظر لاف و گزاف
اس کی تقدیر میں محکومی و مظلومی ہے
قوم جو کر نہ سکی اپنی خودی سے انصاف

فطرت افراد سے اغماض بھی کر لیتی ہے
کبھی کرتی نہیں ملت کے گناہوں کو معاف

محمد عبدالرحمٰن چغتائی

انتساب

پاک سرزمین ہماری ملی امانت ہے

میں اِس مُرقّع کو

امانت کے امین، بانیٔ انقلاب

فیلڈ مارشل صدرِ مملکت محمد ایوب خان

کے نام نامی سے

منسوب کرنے کی سعادت حاصل کرتا ہوں

محمد عبدالرحمٰن چغتائی

۱۹۶۸ء

دیوان دگر آموز

[illegible] اور

آرٹسٹ کو وہ مقام حاصل نہ ہو سکے جو مغرب میں دو [illegible] تک فن کاروں کے لئے [illegible]

[illegible] دور وہ کر فن کی اہمیت [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] زوال پذیر آرٹ کے بے شمار ایسے نمونے دیکھنے میں آتے

[illegible] کی زینت بنا سکتے ہیں اور ایسا محسوس ہوتا ہے کہ

[illegible]

قبال دھنی کی طرف [illegible]

بسم الله الرحمن الرحیم

دعای زبور

یارب درون سینه دل بانجبه بده
در باده نشه را نگرم آن نظر بده
این بنده را که با نفس دیگران نزیست
یک آه خانه زاد مثال سحر بده
یسلم مرا بجوئے تنک مایه پیچ پیچ
جولانگهے بوادی و کوه و کمر بده
سازی اگر حریف بم پیکران مرا
با اضطراب موج سکون گهر بده
شاهین من بصید پلنگان گذاشتی
همت بلند و چنگل ازین تیز تر بده

اقبال

عصمت چغتائی

[illegible]

[illegible]

کے ساتھ زندگی کی حقیقت کو نمایاں کرنے کے لئے ضروری ہے [illegible]

[illegible]

چھپنے لگا تو لوگ اس کی صداقت [illegible]
شروع میں اس کے اپنے انتخاب [illegible]
ان شکلوں اور کرداروں سے [illegible] خود اس کے [illegible]

[illegible]

ہر پندگہ ایجاد و فانی ہے حسد اداد

کوشش سے کہاں مرد نہ مندیت آزاد

خون رگ محمار کی نرمی سے ہے تعمیر

سے خانہ خانقہ جو کہ نیت خانہ بہاد

بے محنت پیہم کوئی جوہر نہیں کھلتا

روشن شرر تیشہ سے ہے خانہ فرہاد

داستان گو

یک داستان گو به جوانان گفت
تا راه و رسم زندگی آسان گرفت

اقبال

داستانہ ڈاٹ کام

THE STORY TELLER

Observational contrast between his [illegible] mes the solitude of the Taj-Mahal.

There is an assurance of Chughtai [illegible] through which he expre[illegible] f colouring and a new aesthetic.

Chughtai is the pioneer of this style in the [illegible] People say, he is the master of blue and loves yellow colour immensely. As a matter of fact he lov[illegible] neither red nor blue nor yellow. He treats all colours with the sense and strength of a m[illegible]r, for he is an extraordinary [illegible] of [illegible] an international fame.

His handling of the composition is particularly remarkable. The colour scheme is marvellously fresh and unique.

"THE TAJ-AGLEAM IN THE LIGHT OF THE MOON
ITS MARBLE RIPPLING [illegible]
EACH RIPPLE A WAV[illegible]
A MAN'S LOVE HAS EXPRESSED ITS[illegible]
STRINGING THE STONES TOGETHER WITH THE THREAD
OF HIS EVERLASTING [illegible] THEY WERE PEARLS."

IQBAL

جہانِ رنگ و بو

ریاضِ ہستی کے ذرّے ذرّے سے پھوٹتا جلوہ زیبا
حقیقتِ گل کو تو جو سمجھے تو یہ بھی پیدا ہے رنگ و بو میں

اقبال

THE FRAGRANCE

...ful picture of time and the achievement of the artist. He has depicted the scene with exquisite skill and delicacy. It is a masterpiece of composition which enables him to produce colour harmony, lyrical flow and ... With precision of design ... The characteristic features ... that painting is one of the best he has painted. It has been done in a broad style and has essentially a Persian element in my mind. Eastern figures, trees and ... majestically alone in the calm atmosphere with the rose petal drapery ... the space as a huge fan.

This is undoubtedly one of Chughtai's masterpieces.

"SHE TURNED INTO A WAVE OF FRAGRANCE AND
SPROUTED FROM THE TWIG OF THE ROSE-PLANT,
AND SET FOOT IN THIS WISE INTO THE WORLD OF
YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW.
SHE OPENED HER EYES, BECAME A ROSE-BUD AND
SMILED A WHILE,
BECAME A FLOWER AND SHED ITS PETALS AND FELL TO
THE EARTH.
THAT IS A PERFUL ONE WHOSE HEART HAS BEEN UNCE-
REMED, HAS ...
AND I

IQBAL

غلام ترکی

من بسیاستے غلاماں فرنستاں دیدہ ام
شعلۂ تمود از خاکستر ایاز آیدبروں

اقبال

[illegible]HE SLAVE GIRL

[illegible] experiments, by which he gets excellent resu[illegible]

[illegible] is an instance of Chughtai's refine[illegible]sibility. One can admire the plastic [illegible] the figure and recognize the considerable succ[illegible] the artist has achieved in [illegible] the same.

[illegible]

[illegible]gure is holding a [illegible] of imperialism, a [illegible]

"IN SLAVERY THE HEART IS KILLED IN THE BODY,
IN SLAVERY THE SOUL BECOMES A BURDEN OF LIFE."

"THROUGH BLINDNESS MAN BECOME A SLAVE TO MAN;
HE HAD A PEAR[illegible]
AND JAMSHID--
OWING TO HIS SLAVISH NATURE HE IS MORE MISER-
ABLE THAN A DOG;
[illegible]
ANOTHER DOG.

زوالِ بغداد

نالہ کش شیراز کا بلبل ہوا بغداد پر
داغ رویا خون کے آنسو ہمالہ آہ پر

زوالِ بغداد

MOURNING FOR BAGHDAD

This picture shows the relationship between [illegible] of the past. Chughtai is preserving [illegible] to convey the message of Qadiriyya [illegible]. Chughtai, the really creative artist [illegible] profound devotion and observation, [illegible] zarous civilization, and longs for the glory of the past.

"

WEEP ALL THY TEARS! O EYE! W[illegible] BLOOD

YONDER LIES THE TOMB OF THE CIVILIZATION OF THE HEDJAZ.

ONCE THIS PALACE WAS THE TENT OF THOSE DWELLERS OF THE DESERT.

FOR WHOSE SHIP THE OCEAN WAS A PLAYGROUND;

WHO [illegible] EARTHQUAKES IN THE PALACES OF THE KINGS OF KINGS.

IN WHOSE SWORDS LAY HIDDEN LIFE-SCORCHING FLAMES;

WHOSE ADVENT WAS THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA.

WHO SHOUTED, ARISE, AND A DEAD WORLD CAME TO LIFE,

AND MAN WAS SET FREE FROM THE BONDS OF SUPERSTITION.

IS THAT "TARIQ" NOW STILLED FOR EVER.

WHOSE ECHO DELIGHTS EAR TO THIS DAY?

IQBAL.

مہیب کا درخت

UNDER THE APPLE TREE

Under the Apple Tree [illegible] in 1929.

The green valley [illegible] as a vivid picture of the Kashmir landscape in his mind.

The Madonna of Kashmir, is looking towards the vast infinite [illegible] she lacks the power to give proper expression [illegible] this picture the artist [illegible] and has become an [illegible] Kashmir rulers.

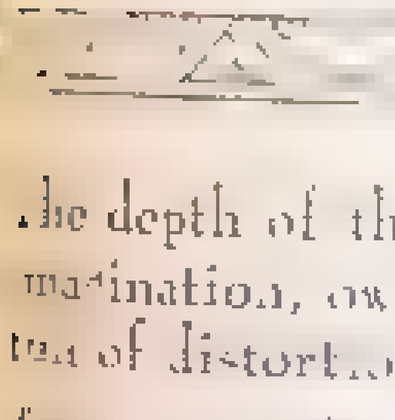
"WHOSE FACES PUT THE TULIP AND THE ROSE
TO SHAME, MATURE AT WORK AND RELIGIOUS
AND BORN OF EVE THEIR VERY GLANCE COMMOVES
THE WEST, THEIR ORIGIN IS THIS OUR SOIL
OUR CATCHING EARTH; IN KASHMIR'S SKY,
THESE STARS."

اشعار صبح

بشنو این نامه از نهفت غیب — گر از و نیست با تو بیداری

من از نا آگهی کم کرده راهم — تو بیدار آمدی بیدار باش

THE MORNING STAR



"O, SHINING TRAVELLER: THIS IS A STRANGE HABITATION."

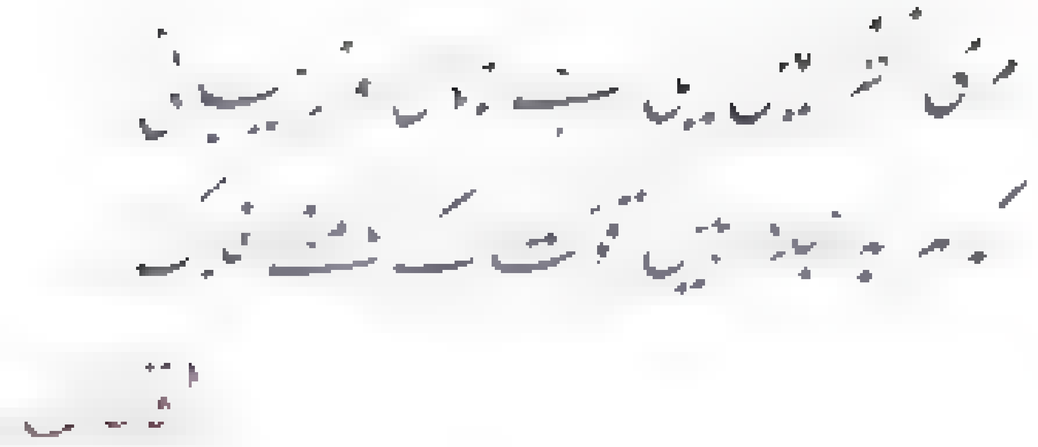
THE RISE OF THE ONE IS THE FALL OF THE OTHER:

INACTIVITY IS IMPOSSIBLE IN SPHERE OF MATTER:

CHANGE IS THE ONLY THING PERMANENT IN THIS WORLD.

IQBAL

جلال و جمال



...B AND LEADERSHIP

...go was born in a talented family ... tradition. Chughtai is the found... ...n-girit.

...e must desire to establish a harmonious agreement between the conception and job ...l glorious tradition... ...t. What he likes to establish in form i... not simply an organised protest ...nst foreign influence but it is a pa...sonate expression of devotion.

...e paintings of Chughta... ...position and colour scheme are remarkable

"IMPATIENT LIKE MOSES HE WANTED A MANIFESTATION OF GLORIOUS.
SO HIS BRIGHT INTELLECT RESOLVED THE MYSTERIES OF LIGHT.
WHOSE ... FROM THE HEIGHTS OF THE SKY TO THE ... IS INSTANTANEOUS BUT ONE INSTANT;
AND ... CANNOT EVEN BE CONCEIVED.

IQBAL.

ناقوسِ بیدار

وہ جو خاموش ہے، بے سبب نہیں ہوتا
قید ہے، پر بے ادب نہیں ہوتا

THE DESERT IN LOVE

...is a landmark in ...'s ... composition. It ... and the tradition of the ... great draftsman. He brought about ... East. As a creative artist, he ... lets the feelings that the desert never felt and will never forget.

The perfect rhythm and melody ... lovers. According to Chaghtai, a picture must be ... complete story of life in different phases of life.

"SEE THAT IN THE DESERT LAILA'S CAMELIAS BECOME DECREPIT.

LET US KINDLE NEW DESIRES IN QAIS.

"O QAIS: HOW IS IT THAT THY INNER FLAME HAS GONE OUT,

WHILE LAILA YET RETAINS THE SAME GRACEFUL MIEN OF YOUTH."

IQBAL

چشمۂ ارتقا

SELF REVELATION

[illegible] and last [illegible] life. In his creative subjects he assimilates his theme to produce the [illegible] master in his own style according to his concept. A work of art, must be identified [illegible] the motive of the artist. This identification is evident in his art

[illegible] the picture is old, nevertheless, he tries to express the motive of a young man, [illegible] vigour, vitality, self knowledge and infinite capacity to live and die will to [illegible]er.

"GET FROM YOUR OWN DEEP THE FREE THAT IS NOT
VISIBLE.
BECAUSE THE LIGHT OF OTHERS IS NOT WORTH
HAVING.
REMEAN NOT THE PERSONALITY IN IMITATION.
GUARD IT, AS IT IS A PRICELESS POSSESSION."

IQBAL.

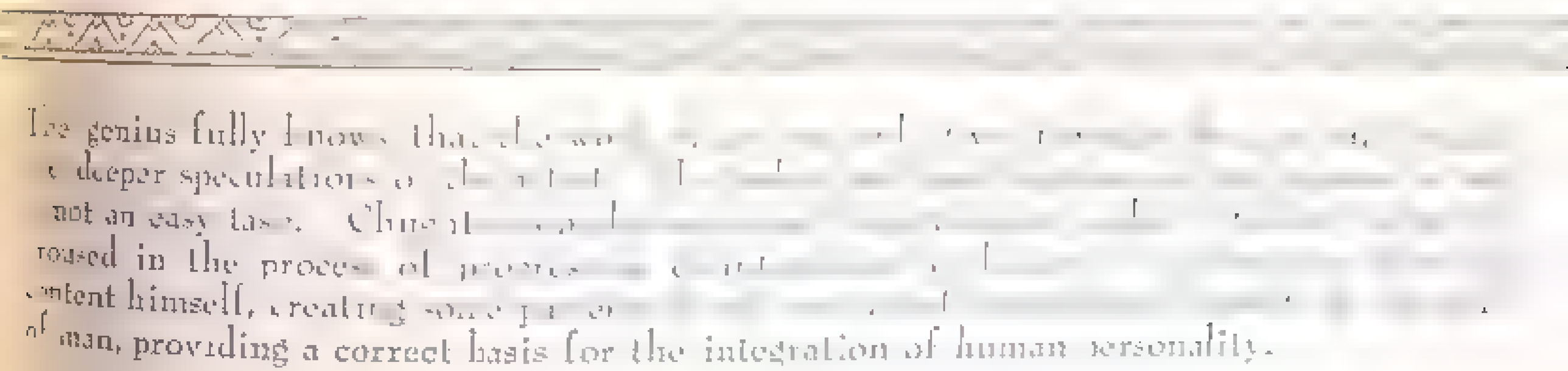
دانائے راز

خودی کا سرِ نہاں لا الٰہ الا اللہ

خودی ہے تیغ، فساں لا الٰہ الا اللہ

اقبال

WISDOM AND THE WISE



The genius fully knows that [illegible]
deeper speculations [illegible]
not an easy task. [illegible]
roused in the process of [illegible]
content himself, creating [illegible]
of man, providing a correct basis for the integration of human personality.

"THE SPIRITUAL SAINT RUMI, THE PHILOSOPHER OF
HOLY ORDERS,
OPENED THE HIDDEN SECRET OF LIFE AND DEATH TO
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

جہانگیر اور نور جہان

MIANGIR AND NURJAHAN

[illegible]

form [illegible]

[illegible] and composition [illegible]

[illegible] th[illegible] [illegible]

form of thinking, it is undoubtedly impressive and lovely.

"LOVE SUPPORTS MEN, ANIMALS, AND INSECT
LOVE ALONE SUPPORTS THE TWO WORLDS".
LOVE [illegible]
LOVE [illegible]
LOVE CONTINUES IN ITS MANIFESTATIONS,
LOVE [illegible]

IQBAL

برقِ نگاہ

ملے گا منزلِ مقصود کا اسی کو سراغ
اندھیری شب میں ہے چیتے کی آنکھ جس کا چراغ

اقبال

THE BLACK PANTHER

The chief characteristic of Chugtai [illegible]
This fact is the utmost importance [illegible]
useless.

In this painting, Chughtai, [illegible]
colours in red, green and dominating black, with unexpected material [illegible]
of observation.

The Black Panther is [illegible]
depicted by the artist reveal [illegible]

"COME INTO CONTACT WITH SEA [illegible] ENTANGLED
WITH ITS WAVES,
FOR ETERNAL [illegible]
SURF:
FOR IN THIS WORLD [illegible]
IT IS AN OLD OCCASION"

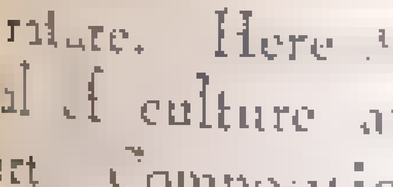
EQUAL

سوز و دروں

یوں تو روشن ہے مگر سوز و دروں رکھتا نہیں
شعلہ ہے مثلِ چراغِ بادِ صرصر تو

اقبال

THE FLAME OF LOVE



"A MOTH, AND WHAT A YEARNING FOR THE SIGHT OF LIGHT!
A TINY INSECT, AND WHAT A CONSUMING DESIRE FOR HEAT!
[illegible] I HAVE BEEN BURNING MY BREATH LIKE THEE;
NOT A SINGLE MOTH FAITERED IN GOING ROUND MY FLAME.
WHENCE HAST THOU GATHERED THIS WORLD-ILLUMINATING FIRE?
[illegible] TAUGHT THE POOR MOTH THE [illegible] OF MOSES."

IQBAL

of human faces which he tries to reveal in his pictures.

"WHAT IS A MOMENT'S LAUGH? CONQUEST OF TIME AND SPACE!
IT ENDOWS A SLAVE WITH ATTRIBUTES OF THE MASTER!
"THE CODE OF MEN CUTS OFF TRUTH AND FEARLESSNESS.
GODS LIONS KNOW NOT THE MEANING OF A FOX.

IQBAL

زبیده خاتون

زینت خواتین

ZABEDA KHATUN

[illegible] artistically elevated stand[illegible] charming angle, [illegible] the manner of a Madonna of the Haram.

[illegible] created this masterpiece [illegible] [illegible] entitled "Zabeda Khatun" the [illegible] [illegible] embraced with a charming [illegible] [illegible] the desert where a camel is [illegible] [illegible] ery of grace and dignity and [illegible] [illegible] of the most successful [illegible]

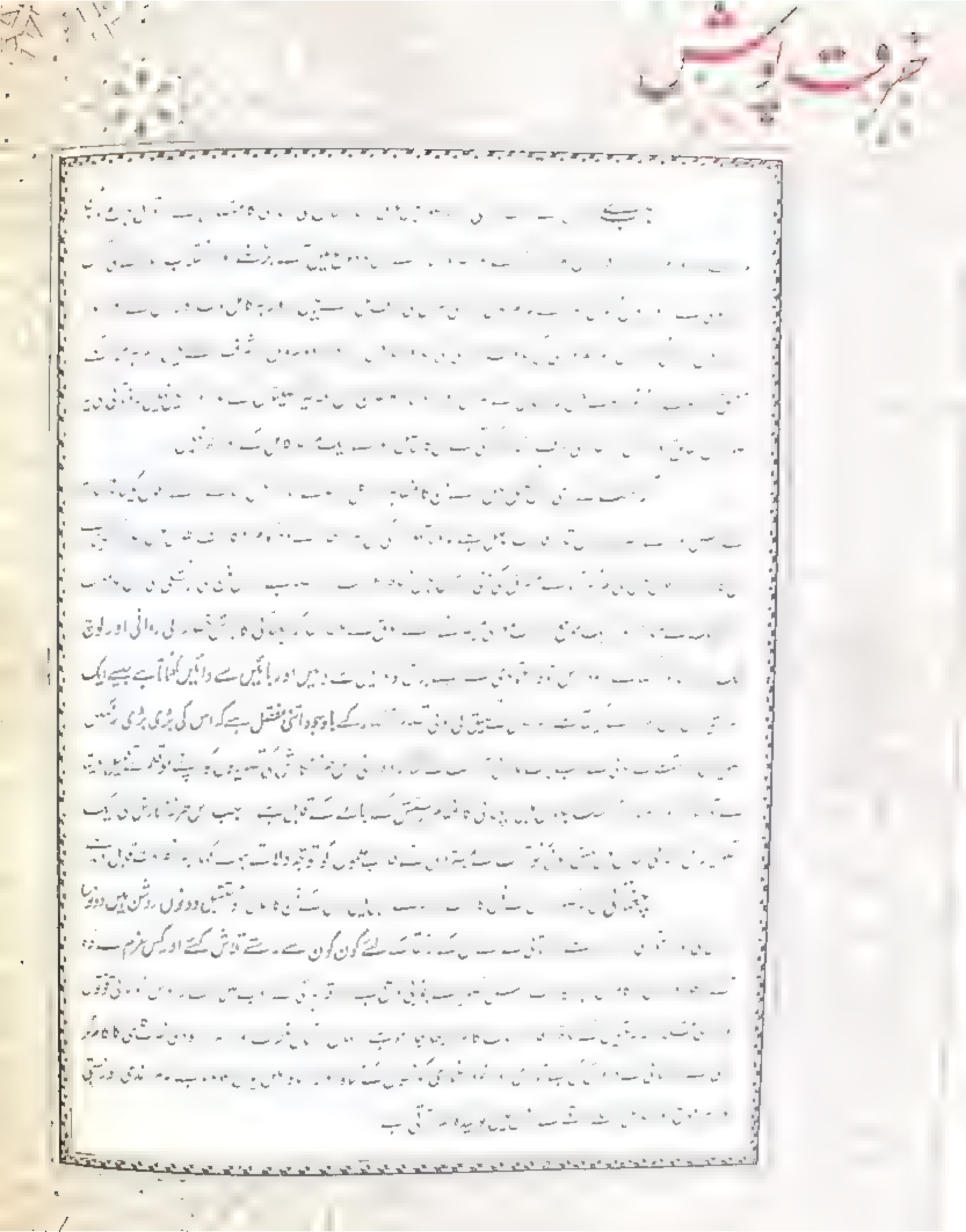
"OWING TO MOTHERHOOD, THE [illegible] OF LIFE IS NOT, MOTHERHOOD DISPLAYS THE [illegible] TRAIT OF LIFE TO SHINE!

EQUAL

خرقہ پوش

عالمِ آب و گل مومن کی جولاں گاہ ہے
مومن ہے جو بحر و بر کی وسعت پر نگاہ ہے

اقبال



MORE THAN SHADOW

[illegible] ip, when he uses the brush in his own way, his turned lines, being [illegible] ding of lines become explicitly basic

[illegible] great artist Chughtai, builds up his own style. He uses lines to produce [illegible] but he never loses his originality and individuality in [illegible]

"More than Shadow"

"[illegible] OF THE SOUL,
WHICH [illegible] RT FOR THE [illegible]
WITH [illegible] LEAVES [illegible] OUSNESS,
IT REVEALED THE UNIV[illegible] OF THOUGHT.

اقبال و رومی

اقبال

اقبال اکادمی

IQBAL AND RUMI

Chughtai, the leading artist of this century, [illegible] his poetry in colour and lines. He [illegible] search of a new vision, in the present and the past [illegible] him across the gulf between the [illegible] his own culture. While, Jalaluddin Rumi and [illegible] Chughtai combined the value of the present and the [illegible] tion and full realisation of God as he [illegible] highest form.

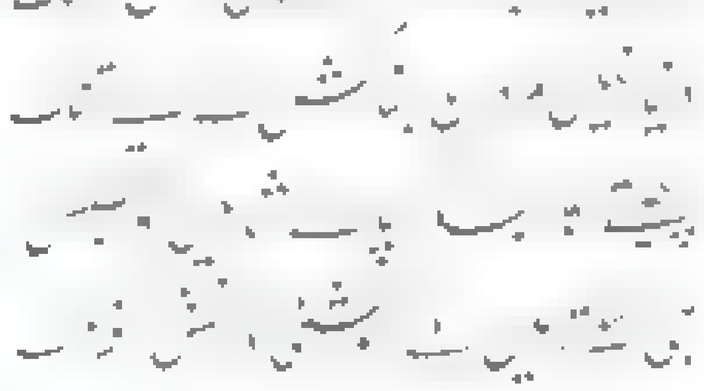
"THE OLD MAN OF RUM TURNED MY DUST INTO ELIXIR:
FROM MY DUST HE RAISED THE LIGHTS
I AM A WAVE AND TAKE [illegible]
SO THAT I MAY OBTAIN [illegible]
I, WHO DERIVE INTOX[illegible]
LIVE A LIFE THROUGH HIS BREATH, SO HAS [illegible]
WARM!

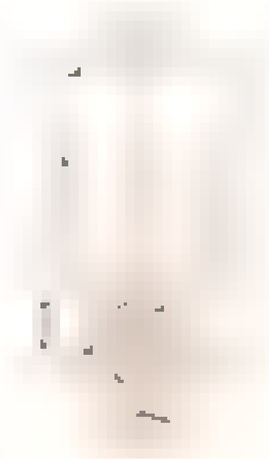
IQBAL

معمار حرم

معمار حرم باز بہ تعمیر جہاں خیز
از خواب گراں خواب گراں خواب گراں خیز

اقبال





برون از دو رکعت بود وعده‌ات شو
فزون‌تر زین جهان کینه و کم‌ات شو
خروش تکبیر کن در پیکر خویش
چو بشنیدی صلای معمار حرم شو

معمار حرم باز به تعمیر جهان خیز از خواب گران خواب گران خواب گران خیز

WILL AND THE WAY

His work quest[illegible] about and other [illegible] of man's [illegible] seated [illegible] fountain of life of the elt. [illegible] space and time and thus approaches God, is the infinite self.

This painting is obviously [illegible] example of the [illegible] pondence between the [illegible] power.

"ITMAKES FROM ITSELF [illegible]
ITMAKES FROM ITSELF [illegible]
IN ORDER TO MULTIPLY [illegible]
INASMUCH AS THE LIFE OF THE UNIVERSE COMES FROM
THE LIFE IS IN PROPORTION TO THIS POWER [illegible]
THE SELF

IQBAL

شرف النساء

آن شنیدستی که هنگام نماز
قصد پیر و قبله گاه خود نیاز

اقبال

جس سے دریا مست ہو تم نہیں ہوتا
اے قطرہ نیساں وہ صدف کیا وہ گہر کیا

SHARFUN-NISA

Sharfun-Nisa the most striking [illegible] scale of being in the evolution of [illegible] figure can be regarded a characteristic [illegible] react and produces a significant expression of historical fact.

Sharfun-Nisa revolts against the National [illegible]

Chughtai depicts the principles of political [illegible] a beautiful and glorious colour scheme. [illegible] Sharfun-Nisa's character

"OUR SEA PRODUCED NO PEARL, NO MOTHER SUCKLED
A DAUGHTER WHO [illegible]
AND AS DEATH CAME, SHE [illegible]
AND TO HER MOTHER SAID, [illegible]
MY SECRET, THEN THIS [illegible]
BEHOLD, CONJOINED [illegible]
PROTECTORS MUTUAL, [illegible]
THE PIVOT OF THE [illegible]

IQBAL

فکر فردا

دمید آن لاله از دشت غبارم
که خونش می تراود از کنارم

اقبال

چغتائی

این خاک، آنچه در شکم او از آن من
وز خاک تا به هوش همه از آن تو

THE GREEN FIELD

Chughtai is a man of fully devotional love with [illegible] lives, spends his life, developed his [illegible] across the sky when the artist was devoted [illegible] the achievement of Chughtai, therefore [illegible] held with the brilliant tropical colours [illegible] sweeps the passions of the people, with [illegible] the fields that illustrate mostly the impressions [illegible] type of paintings made him internationally famous.

"GOD SENT ED THE EARTH [illegible] FOR LIVELIHOOD,
WHICH IT HAS BEEN GIFTED FREE, NOW LEARN THIS POINT
FROM ME, O LANDLORD TAKE THY BREAD AND TAKE
A SPACE ENOUGH FOR BURIAL FROM THY LAND,
BUT DO NOT CLAIM IT AS THY OWN.

IQBAL

شرف النسا

گفتم این کاشانه از لعلِ ناب — آنکه می گیرد خراج از آفتاب

این چنین ایوان منزل این کاخ بلند — حوریان بر درگهش احرام بند

اے تو وادی سالکان را جستجوے — صاحبِ او کیست؟ با من باز گوے

گفت این کاشانه شرف النساست — مرغِ بامش با ملائک هم نواست

قلزمِ ما این چنین گوهر نزاد — بیضهٔ ما در این چندین دهستر نزاد

خاکِ لاهور از مزارش آسمان! — کس نداند راز او را در جهان!

آن سراپا ذوق و شوق و درد و داغ — حاکمِ پنجاب را چشم و چراغ!

آن سرورِ غ دودهٔ عبدالصمد — فقرِ او نقشے که ماند تا ابد!

تا ز قرآن پاک می سوزد وجود — از تلاوت یک نفس فارغ نبود

در کمرِ تیغ دور و در قرآن بدست — تن بدن هوش و حواس الله مست

خلوت و شمشیر و قرآن و نماز — اے خوش آن عمرے که رفت اندر نیاز

بر لبِ او چون دمِ آخر رسید! — سوئے مادر دید و مشتاقانه دید

گفت اگر از رازِ من داری خبر — سُوئے این شمشیر و این دفتر نگر

این دو قوت حافظِ یک دیگر اند — کائناتِ زندگی را محور اند!

اندرین عالم که میرد هر نفس — دخترت را این دو محرم بود و بس

وقتِ رخصت با تو دارم این سخن! — تیغ و دفتر آن را جُدا از من مکن!

دل بآن حرفے که می گویم بنه! — قبرِ من بے گنبد و قندیل به!

مومنان را تیغ با قرآن بس است

تربتِ ما را همین سامان بس است

عمرها در زیرِ این زرّین قباب — بر مزارش بود شمشیر و کتاب

مرقدش اندر جهانِ بے ثبات — اهلِ حق را داد پیغامِ حیات

تا مسلمان کرد با خود آنچه کرد — گردشِ دوران بساطش در نورد

مردِ حق از غیرِ حق اندیشه کرد! — شیرِ مولا روبهی را پیشه کرد

از دلش تاب و تبِ سیماب رفت — خود بدانی آنچه بر پنجاب رفت

خالصه شمشیر و دفتر آن را ببُرد!

اندران کشور مسلمانی بمُرد"

صدیق رضی اللہ عنہ

اِک دن رسولِ پاک ﷺ نے اصحاب سے کہا
دیں مال راہِ حق میں جو ہوں تم میں مالدار

ارشاد سُن کے فرطِ طرب سے عمرؓ اٹھے
اُس روز ان سے بڑھ کے تھے دولت کئی ہزار

دل میں یہ کہہ رہے تھے کہ صدیق سے ضرور
بڑھ کر رکھے گا آج قدم میرا ہر وار

لائے غرض کہ مالِ رسولِ امیں کے پاس
ایثار کی ہے دست نگر ابتدائے کار

پوچھا حضورِ سرورِ عالم نے اے عمرؓ
اے وہ کہ جوشِ حق سے تھے دل کوہ وقار

رکھا ہے کچھ عیال کی خاطر بھی تو نے کیا
سُن کر ہے اپنے خویش و اقارب کا حق گزار

کی عرض نصفِ مال ہے فرزند و زن کا حق
باقی جو ہے وہ ملتِ بیضا پہ ہے نثار

تھے تین دن کے فیض نبوت سے جی اٹھا
جس سے بنائے عشق و محبت ہے استوار

سب آپنے ساتھ وہ مردِ وفا سرشت
ہر چیز جس سے چشمِ جہاں میں ہے اعتبار

ملک و امیر و جاہ و دینار و زر و جنس
سب پر فقر و شوق طرد و خمار

بولے حضور چاہیے فکرِ عیال بھی
کہنے لگا وہ عشق و محبت کا رازدار

اے تجھ سے دیدۂ مہ و انجم فروغ گیر
اے تیری ذات باعثِ تکوینِ روزگار

پروانے کو چراغ ہے بلبل کو پھول بس
صدیق کے لیے ہے خدا کا رسول بس"

عدم

قال

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

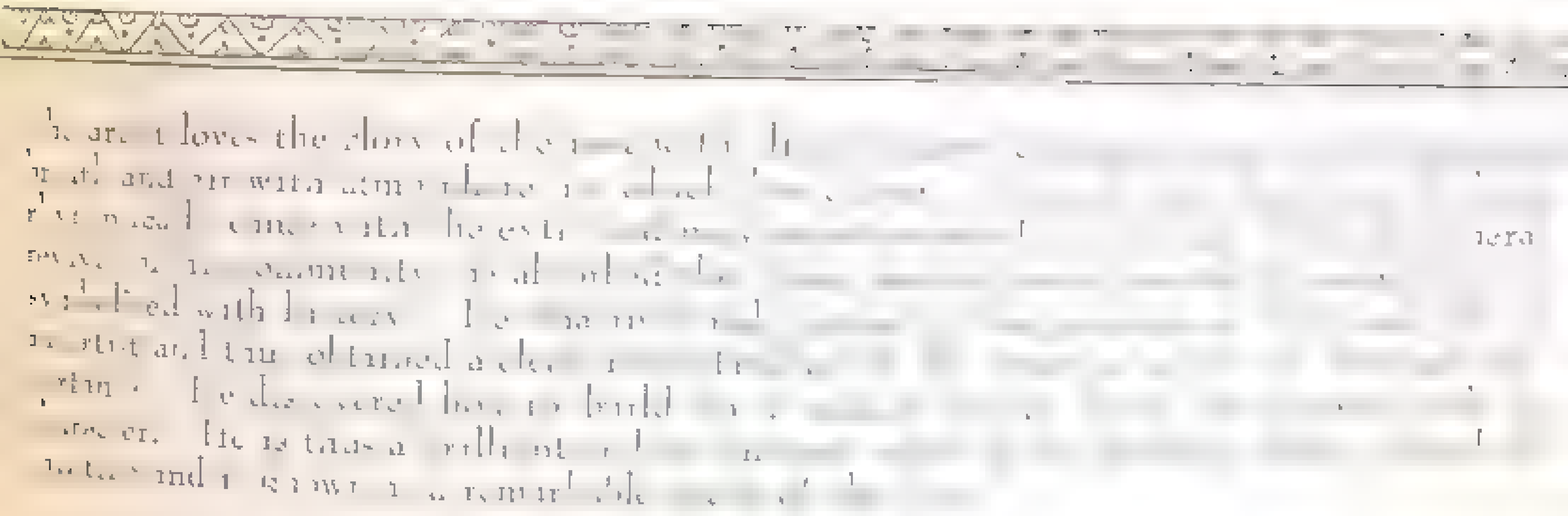
[illegible] — غبار راہ خود را آسمان کرد

شرار شوق اگر داری نگهدار — کہ باوے آفتابے میتوان کرد

عزائم کو سینوں میں بیدار کر دے

نگاہِ مسلماں کو تلوار کر دے

DETERMINATION



"WHAT WAS, HAS FADED: WHAT IS, IS FADING: BUT OF THESE
WORDS FEW CAN TELL THE TRUTH:
TIME STILL IS GAPING WITH EXPECTATION OF WHAT IS NEAREST ITS HOUR OF BIRTH
NEW TIDINGS SLOWLY COME DROP BY DROP FROM MY PITCHER GURGLING OF TIME'S NEW SIGHTS,
AS I COUNT OVER THE BEADS STRUNG OUT ON MY THREADED ROSARY OF DAYS AND NIGHTS.

EQUAL

منصور حلاج

با مقامے دلمی سازیدہ ایم

ما سراپا ذوق پروازیدہ ایم

اقبال

MASOOR HALAI

Chughtai always felt his choice and stand [illegible] achievement. He admirably succeeded [illegible] spirit of a national art. In order to understand [illegible] that one should understand his definition [illegible] definition of the artist. In other words if it shows the expression of will-power and struggle on the part of living beings it [illegible] ing by a dimension outlook. He [illegible]

"THE COSMOS [illegible]
WHO CALLED HIMSELF [illegible]
IS PAST TEN [illegible]
A HUMAN BEING AND NOT AN [illegible]
HE IS A MAN, YET PRISTINE MORE TH[illegible]

IQBAL

انجمن آرا

اقبال

تصویر ۲: [illegible]

میان آب و گل خلوت گزیدم
ز افلاطون و ارسطو رایی پریدم

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

تو رفتی اے دل از خلوت کدہ او ویا از خلوت آباد تو او رفت

THE VIRTUOUS

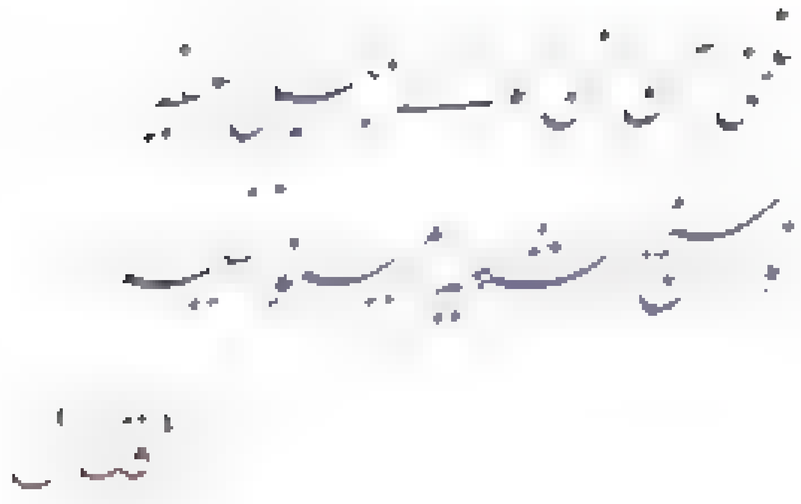
Chughtai always desired to convey the [illegible] very much influenced by the beauty and [illegible] creative work. [illegible] rhythmically.

Unexpected effects of colour harmony balance light to dark-tones.

"THE SIGHT WHICH IS SOUGHT BY MY EYES IS WANTED
THE LIGHT THAT OPENS THE INNER EYE IS WANTED
THE OUTWARD BEAUTY PLEASES MY EYES
MY IGNORANCE IS NO LESS THAN THIS!

IQBAL

نعمتی شیرازی



پیش لفظ

CHANI KASHMIRI

Chuchtai is a versatile venture. Some [illegible] decorative panel and other historical subjects [illegible] form. Being very much in pre[illegible] passion very practically. [illegible] present it as the most perfect piece of [illegible] Chughtai has shown the true craftsman [illegible] distinguishes him as a real portrayer

"WHO CAN'T PAINT DESERT [illegible]
WHO CAN'T PAINT THE [illegible]
THEN WERE THOSE [illegible]
AND VIBRANT HEARTS"

چنان نالیم اندر مسجد قدم
که دل در سینه نالد از گلیم

تا کاریان راست بیابیم
قدر بلندی مرد از نیازمندی

پیشانی

اپنے صحرا میں بہت آہو ابھی پوشیدہ ہیں
بجلیاں بھی بے خبر بادل میں ہیں خوابیدہ ہیں

اقبال

یا خرقت و سجاده و شمشیر و سنان نیز

RETROSPECT

"BE ASHAMED IF YOU WANT TO INHERIT A DIAMOND
FORBEARS,
THIS CANNOT GIVE THE PLEASURE THAT IS IN QUARRY-
ING A DIAMOND.

IQBAL

فروغ دیده

اقبال

WITH ALL GRACE

This immortal pict[illegible] master of paintin[illegible] the past glory.

Atmosphere that seems remote all over [illegible] native of the artist. The subject evoked [illegible]

"THE CONNECTION OF AN INDIVIDUAL WITH SOCIETY IS
A BOON;
ITS REALITY ATTAINS PERFECTION THROUGH SOCIETY.
GOD ALMIGHTY CREATED OUR FORM.
AND THROUGH PROPHETS HE GAVE US LIFE.
WHEN A NATION GIVES UP ITS CODE OF HONOUR,
LIKE DUST, ITS PARTICLES BREAK AWAY."

IQBAL

مشرقِ تمنا

ستارے کی تمنا ہے شرر ہونے تک میں ہوں
کوئی منزل نہیں ہے منزلِ آرزو

اقبال

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

CHARM OF THE EAST

Chughtai, the great artist of our time laboured with great pa[illegible]n and devotion to
pr[illegible] spirit of t[illegible] over
l[illegible] with colours and d[illegible] mes-
[illegible]

He [illegible] has not [illegible] He loves the East, beauty and virtues belong to the East.

[illegible] and lover of Nat[illegible]

" 'TIS THE POET'S BREAST THAT BEAUTY UNVEILS,
'TIS FROM HIS SIGNAL THAT BEAUTY'S BEAMS ARISE
BY HIS LOOK THE FAIR IS MADE FAIRER,
THROUGH HIS ENCHANTMENT NATURE IS MORE BE-
LOVED

IQBAL

کتاب گفت

THE STILL LIFE

This picture, with a charm of [illegible] of the subjects. Chughtai paints [illegible] most of his paintings, we find [illegible] scheme and fragrance. [illegible] Chughtai's art which has deeply influenced Modern Indian Art.

" THIS ROSE AND TULIP BRIGHT,
WHICH SEEM TO STAY AND GLOW,
E'ER RESTLESSLY SPEED ON,
MUCH AS THE BREEZE DOTH BLOW,

EQUAL

مسجدِ قرطبہ

بچے کے بزمِ ملت بیضہ پریشاں کر گئی
اور دیا تہذیبِ حاضر کا فسوں باطل کر گئی

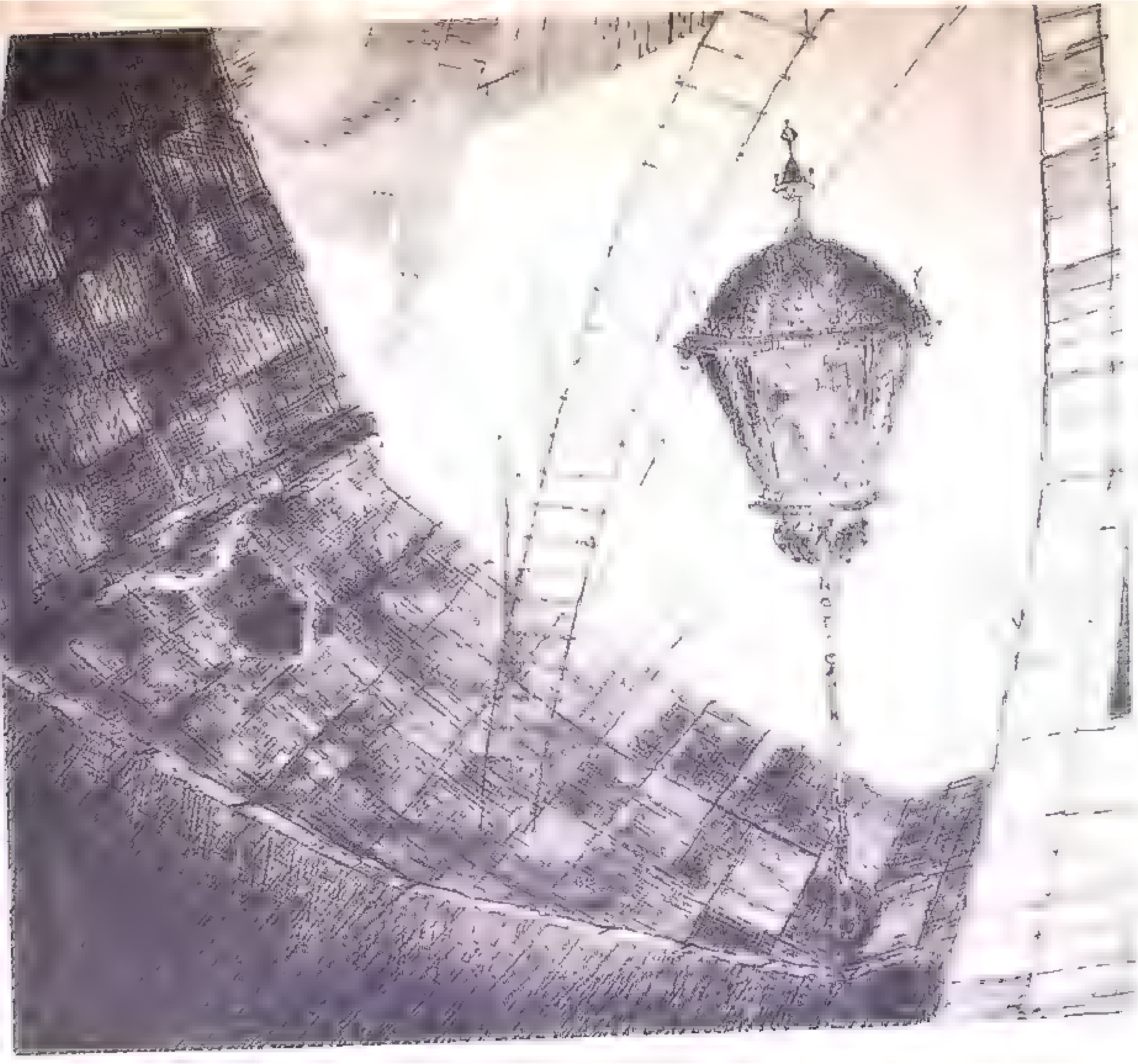
اقبال

ARCH OF THE MOSQUE

Coughtry is always [illegible] Artist and [illegible] European Contemporary [illegible] creative strength [illegible] ment in the technique of Etching.

" LONG BLANK CURRENT OF TIME EMPTY OF SUNSET OR
DAWN?
ALL ART'S WONDER ARISE ONLY TO VANISH ONCE MORE;
ALL THINGS BUILT ON THIS EARTH SINK AS IF BUILT
ON SAND;
INWARD AND OUTWARD THINGS FIRST THING AND LAST
MUST DIE;
THINGS FROM OF OLD OR NEW-BORN FIND THEIR LAST
GOAL IN DEATH.

EQUAL



جنبش کردار

ازاں شاخِ نشاں قطرۂ بر کشتیرِ ما
از آبِ حیات ما چکیدست

اقبال

ابوالکلام آزاد

علامہ اقبال کی زبان میں

همان بهتر که با ما آشنا نیستی

همان بهتر که با ما آشنا نیستی

همان بهتر که با ما آشنا نیستی

SON OF THE SOIL

Son of the Soil has all the characteristic qualities of Chughtai's art. His [illegible] Painting along with his modelling treatment have been [illegible]. His choice of subject and his impressionistic quality are common in all his [illegible]. As a [illegible] he is admired on account of his plastic treatment and the best [illegible]

"WITHOUT THE CLARION CALLING, WILL [illegible]
A PEOPLE WHO WILL MUTINY AND LEAVE [illegible]
GRAVES,
CURSE [illegible] WITHOUT PERCEPTIVE SOUL,
GIVE OUT A SIGH THAT BURNS BOTH SEA AND LAND,
FOR MANY HUMAN HABITATIONS HAVE [illegible]
BENEATH THIS AZURE SKY [illegible]
BY FIRE THAT SMELTS IN [illegible]
EMPIRES IS BUILT [illegible]
CANNOT FIND DESTINATIONS [illegible]

IQBAL

عهد و پیمان

قبال

THE BOND OF LOVE

It is evident from the technique of Chughtai that [illegible] impressionistic school of art. His lines are [illegible] are harmony with the melody of nature itself, that [illegible] brings a message of Love, Life and Immortality. [illegible] inspired the artist to sacrifice for his country's [illegible] theme of paintings.

THE MARTYRS OF LOVE ARE NOT MUSLIM OR PAYANI
THE MANNERS OF LOVE ARE NOT ARAB NOR TURK
SOME PASSION FOR OTHER THAN LOVE WAS THE POWER
THAT TAUGHT GHAZNI'S HIGH RULER TO DOFF ON HIS
SLAVE.
WHEN THE SPIRIT OF LOVE HAS NO PLACE ON THE
THRONE,
ALL WISDOM AND LEARNING VAIN TRICKS AND PRE-
TENCE!
PAYING COURT TO NO KING, BY NO KING BE LED IN AWE,
LOVE IS FREEDOM AND HONOUR, WHOSE SCORN OF THE
WORLD
HOLDS MORE THAN THE MAGIC THAT MADE ALEXANDER
HIS FABULOUS MIRROR—ITS MAGIC MAKES MEN.

IQBAL

مردِ مومن

کہتے ہیں فرشتے کہ دل آویزیِ ایماں
خوردوں کو شکایت ہے لبِ آمیزیِ مومن

اقبال

حقانی

TEMPTATION

Sachitan is characteristically original in his [illegible] He [illegible] new and original. The composition of his paintings [illegible] ideas are based on the study of his favourite subject, 'Temptation' [illegible] of the hero worshipping which [illegible] is required in having faith, character and the ideal [illegible] courage is required in facing misunderstanding.

"KEEP THE DESIRE ALIVE IN THY HEART AT ANY COST; LEST THE HANDFUL OF THY DUST SHOULD TURN INTO A GRAVE.

"THE SELF BECOMES MORE ENDURING THROUGH LOVE— MORE ALIVE, ZEALOUS— MORE EFFULGENT."

IQBAL

حدیقہ

نہ پدرم کرم نمود نہ پسر بمن رسد
نہ مبر دکرچہ نیز آسمان مرد

اقبال

THE ENDLESS HORIZON

carried be ore.

hing of the artist

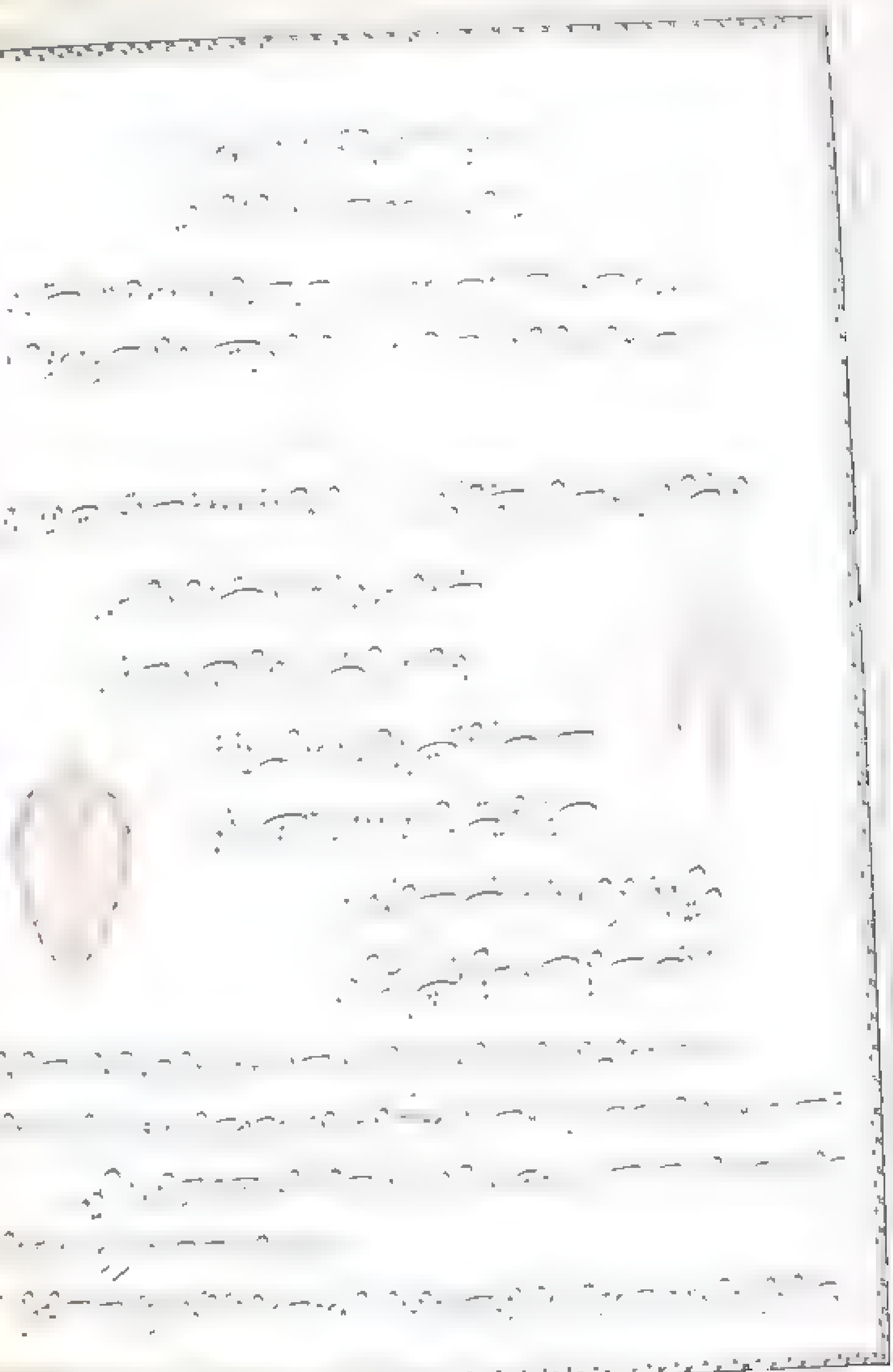
ved in copper are simply remarkable. He has, undoubtedly achieved craft-
p and unerring artistic skill in his Etching. His work will continue to inspire
ation after generation, especially the young searc rs of hi- motifs and technique.

"SILENT IS THE MOONLIGHT.
SILENT THE BOUGHTS OF TREES.
SILENT ARE THE MUSIC MARKETS OF THE VALLEYS.
AND SILENT THE THE GREEN ROOFTOPS OF THE HILLS.
CREATION IS IN A SWOON
AND ASLEEP IN THE ARMS OF THE NIGHT.

IQBAL

مردِ مسلمان

اقبال



WITH THE FALCON

Chughtai's ideal is the [illegible] he is the first master of [illegible] because in his choice of subjects. The old graceful man who is in search of a new haunts his [illegible] man with a Falcon, is a [illegible] of the self.

"FALCON THOU ART, AND HAST MADE
THY NEST IN THE GRASSY GLADE.
AND ITS AIR, I AM FEARFUL, MIGHT
"FORESHORTEN THY PIONIONS' FLIGHT.
ART THOU DUST BECOME? IT IS CLEAR
THOU CANST NOT BE RESTING HERE;
ON THE BREEZE OF THE MORNING RIDE,
SIT NOT BY THE ROAD-WAY SIDE.

IQBAL.

ضرورتِ شعر

نظمِ ہوشمندی ہے قولِ نظامی کے

اقبال

جب حوصلے جواں ہوں تو کچھ بھی نہیں

جب حوصلے جواں ہوں تو کچھ بھی نہیں

MODESTY

Modesty is the grace of virtuous youth and the ornament of [illegible] fragrance in the pictures of Chughtai, who has [illegible] of the world. The colour scheme of the subject is [illegible] brilliantly pure varied hues. Decorative embroidery of the [illegible] yellow colour, increased the charm of the figure.

"FROM STARS HE TOOK THEIR BRIGHTNESS; FROM THE MOON
THE MARKS OF BURNT-OUT PASSIONS [illegible]
AND FROM NIGHT'S FLOATING [illegible]
TRESSES A LITTLE DARKNESS;
FROM THE LIGHTNING HE RECEIVED ITS RESTLESSNESS;
AND PURITY FROM HOURIES."

IQBAL

اورنگ زیب

شاہ عالمگیر گردوان آستان
اعتبار دودمان گورکان

اقبال

ابوالکلام آزاد

EMPEROR AURANGZEB

Chughtai, while portraying historical subjects has acquired a great name for [illegible]

In the relaxed sitting of the Emperor Aurangzeb there is a warmth to understand [illegible] the greatness of the Mughals.

The Emperor was a man of action and a man of dynamic thought.

ACCORDING TO THE QURAN,
(1) THAT MAN IS THE CHOSEN OF GOD;
(2) THAT MAN, WITH ALL HIS FAULTS, IS MEANT TO BE THE REPRESENTATIVE OF GOD ON EARTH;
(3) THAT MAN IS THE TRUSTEE OF A FINITE PERSONALITY WHICH HE ACCEPTED AT HIS PERIL.

QURAN

"IT IS THE DEED THAT PREPARES THE EGO FOR DISSOLUTION, OR DISCIPLINES HIM FOR FUTURE CAREER. THE PRINCIPLE OF THE EGO'S SUSTAINING DEED IS RESPECT FOR THE EGO IN MYSELF AS WELL AS IN THE OTHERS. PERSONAL IMMORTALITY, THEN IS NOT OURS AS OF RIGHT; IT IS TO BE ACHIEVED BY PERSONAL EFFORT, MAN IS ONLY A CANDIDATE FOR IT."

IQBAL

گذشتی تیز گام ای اختر صبح
مگر از خواب ما بیزار رفتی

من از ناآگهی گم کرده راهم
تو بیدار آمدی بیدار رفتی

بابر اور ہمایوں

نہ بہ است زندگی نہ زمانت زندگی
ہمہ ہست زندگانی نہ کیاست زندگانی

اقبال

پاکستان اور عالمی امن

BABUR AND HUMAYUN

In this picture, Chughtai depicts a [illegible] majestically controls history and its cultural [illegible] the desire to live and let live. Thus the [illegible] He paints specific persons as symbols of ideal and [illegible]

"AS THE FIRST GLEAM OF DAYBREAK, AND A VOICE
WAS HEARD:
I AM THE SPIRIT OF TIMUR!
CHAINS MAY HOLD FAST THE MEN OF TARTARY,
BUT GOD'S FIRM PURPOSES NO BOUNDS ENDURE;
IS THIS WHAT LIFE HOLDS—THAT HUMAN'S PEOPLES
ALL HOPE IN ONE ANOTHER MUST ABJURE?
CALL IN SOUL OF MAN A NEW FIRE TO BIRTH!
CRY A NEW REVOLUTION OVER THE EARTH

IQBAL

مؤذن

وہ سحر جس سے لرزتا ہے شبستانِ وجود
ہوتی ہے بندۂ مؤمن کی اذاں سے پیدا

اقبال

قرآن کی ابتدا اور انتہا ایک ہے۔ یہ وہ معراج ہے جس کی ابتدا اور انتہا ایک ہے۔

اقبال کی شاعری کے ہر پہلو میں ایک ایسی وحدت ہے جو اپنے مطالعہ سے

تخیل، عمل کا احساس دلاتا ہے اور دل میں

ترجمہ

پیغمبرانہ

زمن بر صوفی و ملا سلامے

کہ پیغام خدا گفتند ما را

ولے تاویل شان در حیرت انداخت

ترجمہ: [illegible]

MUEZZIN'S CALL

It is hardly possible to trace the influence that [illegible]
He depicts different scenes and pictures by handling the [illegible]
fact, the combination of his colour and composition [illegible]
The symbol of a Muezzin is not a dream, but [illegible]
depicts this picture expressing the mood of the call of the Muezzin [illegible]
manner.

"CLOSE IN THAT DUST A RADIANCE
LIES HIDDEN, IN WHOSE CLEAR LIGHT
SHALL ALL THE SKY'S PALE TINT BE MERGED
AND ORBITS FADE FROM SIGHT"
SUDDENLY ROSE THE PLAINTIVE
AND ONE BY ONE THE ANSWERING
THAT SUMMONS, WHICH NO EARTHLY
COULD EVER SILENCE, NOR ANY

IQBAL.

خنجرِ ہلال

قلزمِ حق سے تو ابھرتا ہے مثالِ آفتاب
اس زیاں خانے میں تیرا امتحاں ہے زندگی

اقبال

سوال

THE NATIONAL EMBLEM

The [illegible] been treated artistically and with mastery. [illegible] this picture [illegible] this art imparts [illegible] message to mankind.

"THE HISTORY OF THE ISLAMIC PEOPLE PROVES THE
HIDDEN TRUTH—
THOU ART THE GUARDIAN OF THE NATIONS OF ASIA SO
VAST.
LEARN AGAIN THE LESSON OF TRUTH, JUSTICE AND
CHIVALRY!
THOU WILT BE REQUIRED PERFORCE TO GUIDE THE
WORLD.

IQBAL

سلطان شہید

جس بندۂ حق بیں کی خودی ہو گئی بیدار
شمشیر کی مانند ہے بُرّندہ و بُرّاق

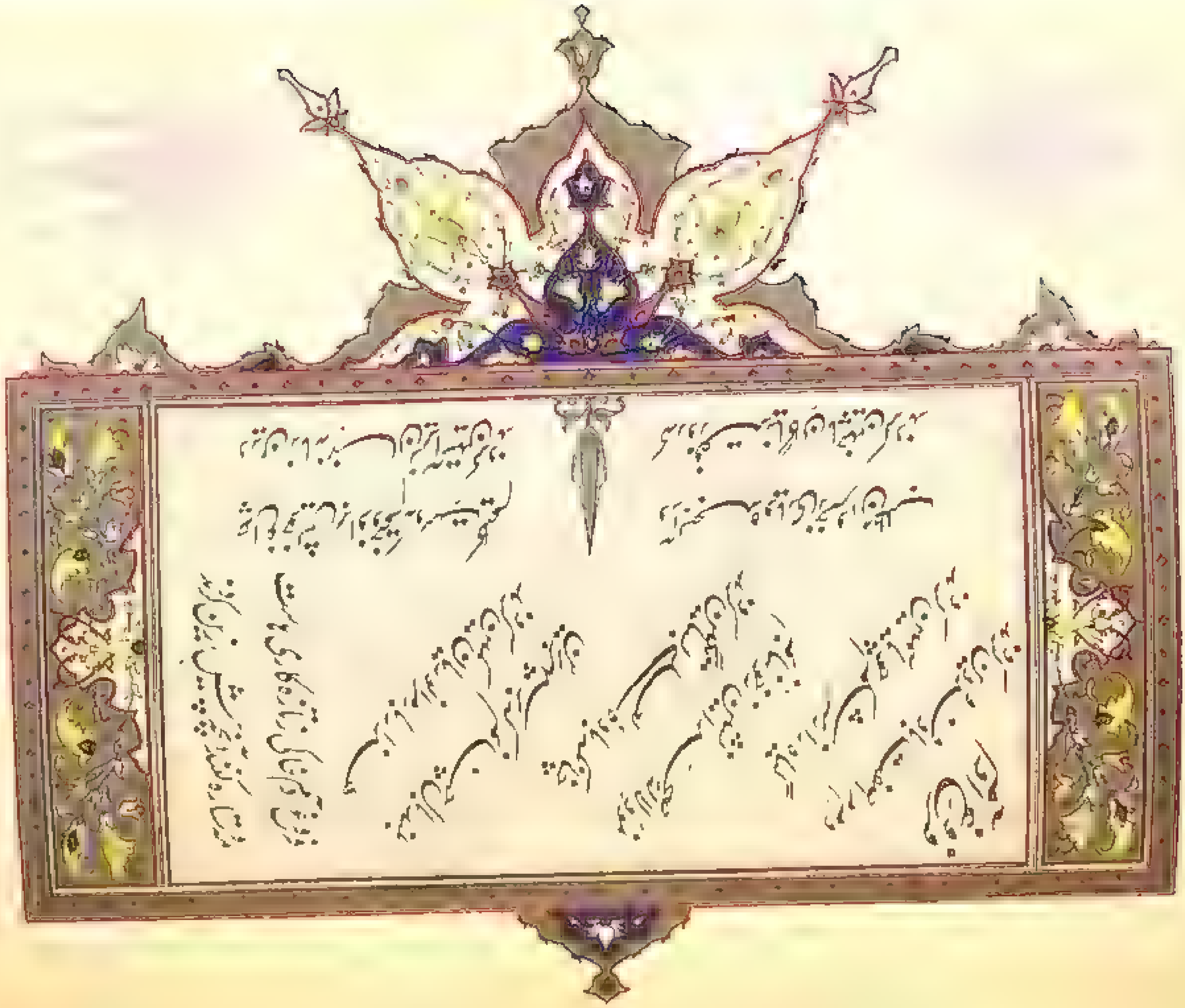
اقبال

SULTAN SHAHEED

'Chughtai has saved traditions by [illegible] and grace of an illustrious personality. Chughtai [illegible] Shaheed and portrayed it. Sultan Tipu [illegible] talents is represented by Chughtai [illegible] prehensive definition of his character. [illegible] revealing the high interest and aims of life. Chughtai [illegible] the administrative and political organization [illegible] and harmony.

"LIKE EAGLES, THEN SHOULD BE THY LIFE, FULL OF VIGOR.
ETERNITY IS IN THE BREATH OF LIFE,
I DO NOT SEEK ITS LENGTH. WHAT IS ITS LAW
AND PRINCIPLE? THE TIGER'S SINGLE BREATH IS
BETTER THAN THE SHEEP'S FULL CENTURY.

IQBAL



سلطان اورنگ زیب

حیات و موت میں اقبال کی نگاہ کا مقصد
فقط خودی ہے خودی کی نگاہ کا مقصد

اقبال

پاکستان ویزویژن

SULTAN AND THE SAINT

This picture reveals the religious conception [illegible]
characteristic touchings displays the symbolic nature of his art.

The man of power is taking counsel from the man [illegible]
a contrast between the simplicity of his surroundings and [illegible]
Yet here is a paradox here, for the Saint is [illegible]
blossom he holds, with its one remaining petal [illegible]
of his power and the agelessness of the Saint's wisdom.

"THE POINT OF LIGHT, WHICH IS CALLED THE SELF,
IS THE VERY SPARK OF FIRE BENEATH OR BEHIND
IT; LOVE IT IS MADE MORE LASTING AND BRIGHT,
MORE LIVING MORE BURNING, MORE EFFULGENT."

IQBAL

شکوہ

اقبال

THE VOICE OF THE NAKED

This painting shows the qualities of N
These qualities, naturally deep
ification of the Ego is endowed with infinite spirit.

Godly person hearken to the
human rights and the social problem
Ego

A martial Chughtai has been able to
attract in Eid. Old women holding
epeat.

" WHAT I HAVE DESCRIBED IS ABOUT ANOTH
THIS BOOK IS
WHEN IN THE
WAS DRAWN, IT RUBBED OUT THAT OF POPES AND
PRIESTS.
WHAT DWELLS WITHIN THE HEART I MAY DISCLOSE:
'TIS NO MERE BOOK, IT IS A DIFFERENT THI
WHICH, WHEN IT SOAKS THE SOUL TRANSFORMS
WORLD AS WELL IS SHAPED ANEW. BOTH IN
AND CLEAR!

IQBA

تصویرِ درد

به خاک بدن دانه دل فشان
کز این دانه دارد بهار نشان

اقبال

انکشافات و ریاضت

به خاک بدن دانه دل فشان که این دانه دارد ز خاصل نشان

THE YOUNG FARMER

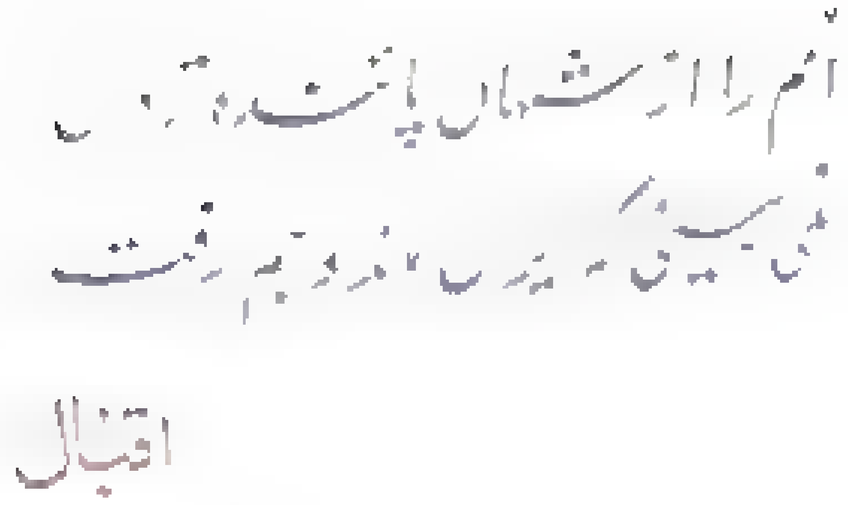
Here is a portrait of a young farmer full of youth[illegible] tative of action. This painting of a husband[illegible] by the complications of any 'ism'. If Bourdelle [illegible] can select any living model as their subjects [illegible] no living surrounding

The creative portrait of a young farmer with a trail[illegible] ple of his art. A vigorous and a colourful compo[illegible] depicts him with amazing realism.

"WHO REAR THE SEED IN THE DARKNESS OF THE GROUNDS?
WHO LIFTS THE CLOUD UP FROM THE OCEAN WAVE?"
WHO DREW HERE FROM THE WEST THE FRUITFUL WING-
WHO MADE THIS SOIL, OR WHO THAT LIGHT OF THE SUN
WHO WILLED WITH PEARLS OF GRAIN THE PASTURES
WHEAT?
WHO TAUGHT THE MONTHS BY INSTINCT TO REVOLVE
LANDLORD! THIS EARTH IS NOT THINE, IS NOT THINE
NOR YET THY FATHERS'; NO, NOT THINE, NOR MINE.

IQBAL

خلیفہ ہارون الرشید



اقبال

KHALIFA HARUN RASHID

Khalifa Harun Rashid, an aus[illegible]t personality from the hi[illegible]ality. Living personalities, of Emperors, [illegible] of Islam are favourite subjects of Chughtai, they always insp[illegible] haracteristic charm

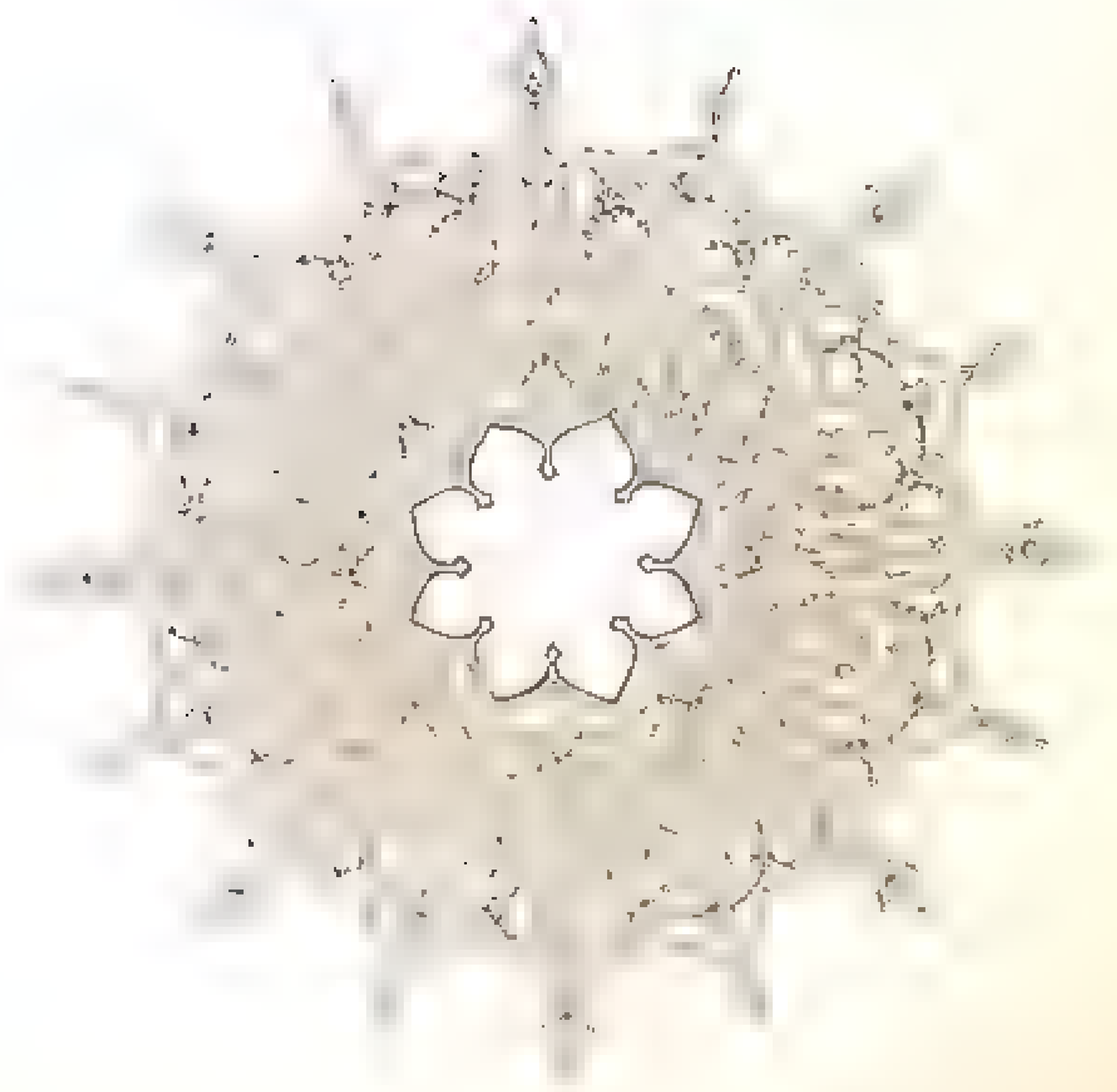
[illegible] artist has created an architectural [illegible] and vitality. His posture [illegible] the great personality. Chughtai has depicted the [illegible] attitude of the Khalifa.

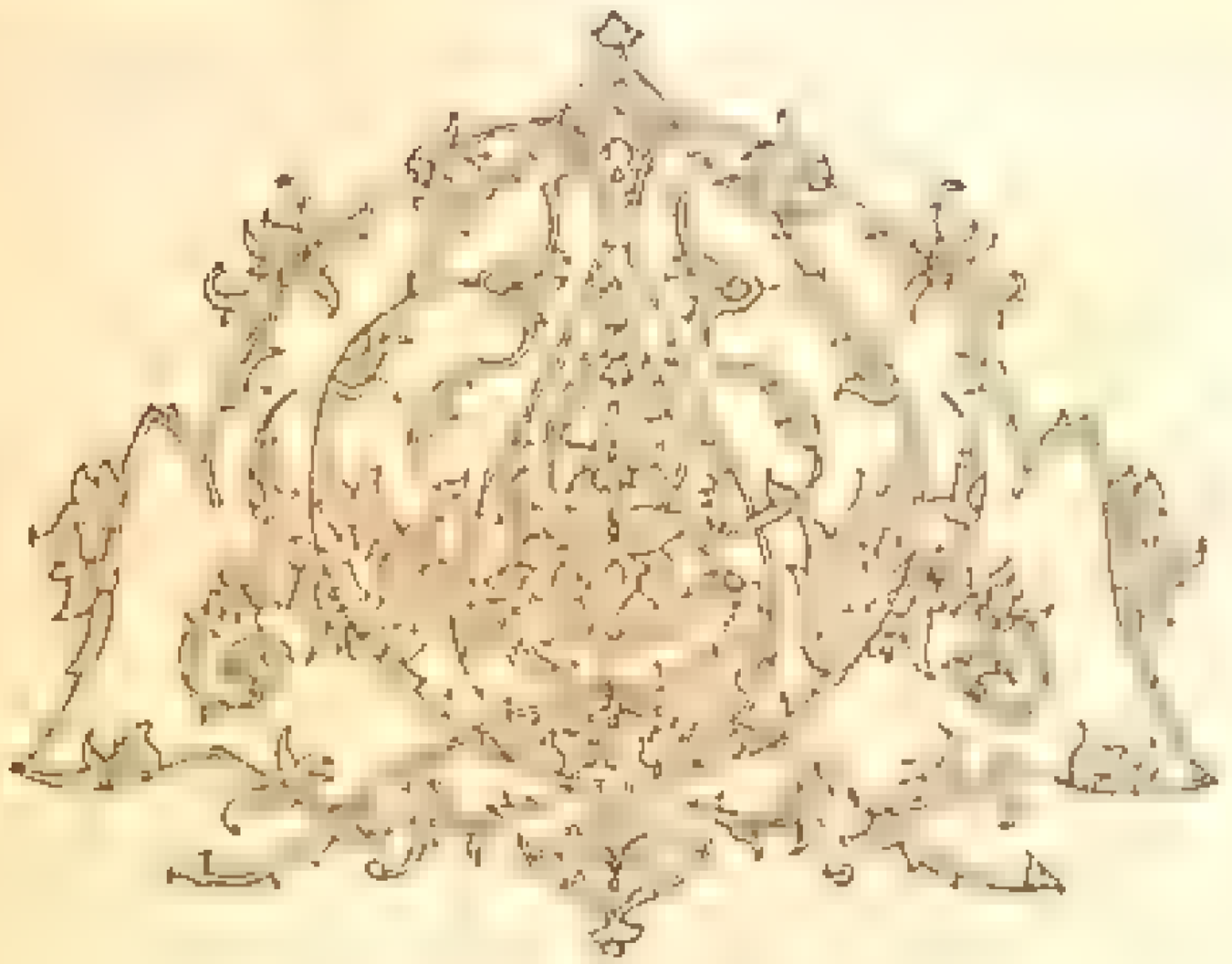
"ALEXANDER THE GREAT IS GONE, THE SWORD AND
BANNER ARE NO MORE;
THE TRIBUTE OF THE CITY AND THE TREASURE OF THE
MINE AND SEA ARE NO MORE."
SURELY THE NATIONS ARE MORE LASTING THAN THE
KING;
[illegible]
JAMSHID IS NO MORE!

IQBA

فیلم نامه

تلاقی





دیدن دگر آموز

مانندِ صبا خیز و دیدن دگر آموز دامانِ گل و لالہ کشیدن دگر آموز
اندر دلکِ غنچہ خزیدن دگر آموز!

موئے سینہ بہ بر کردی و بے ذوق تپیدی آں گونہ تپیدی کہ بجائے نہ رسیدی
در انجمنِ شوق تپیدن دگر آموز!

کافر! دلِ آوارہ و گرِ بارہ بادبند بر خویش کشادیدہ و از غیر فروبند!
دیدن دگر آموز و ندیدن دگر آموز!

دمِ چیست پیام است شنیدی نشنیدی ؟ در خاک تو یک جلوۂ عام است ندیدی ؟
دیدن دگر آموز ! شنیدن دگر آموز !

ما چشمِ عقاب و دلِ شہباز ندایم چون مرغِ سمندر پر و از ندایم
اے مرغِ سحر خیز و پریدن دگر آموز !

تختِ جم و دارا سرِ راہے فروشند این کوہِ گران است بکاہے فروشند
با خونِ دلِ خویش خریدن دگر آموز !

نالیدی و تقدیرِ جہان است کہ بودست ! آن حلقہ زنجیرِ گمان است کہ بودست !
نومید مشو ! نالہ کشیدن دگر آموز !

واسوختہ ! یک شرر از داغِ جگر گیر ! یک چند بخود تابش و تپیدن ہمہ در گیر !
چون شعلہ بجا شاخ دویدن دگر آموز !

ترانهٔ وقت

خورشید به دامانم، انجم به گریبانم — در زیر نگین دارم، در خود نگری جانم
در شهر و دیه بانم در کاخ و شبستانم — من در دم و در مانم، من جیش و نه اوانم
من تیغ جهان سوزم، من چشمهٔ حیوانم

چنگیزی و تیموری، هشتم ز نسب بر من — هنگامه فرنگی، یک جسته شرر بر من
انسان و جهان او، از نقش و نگار من — خون جگر مردم، سامان بهار من
من آتش سوزانم، من روضهٔ رضوانم

آسوده و سنجیده، این طرفه تماشا بین — در باده امروزم، کیفیت فردا بین
پنهان به ضمیر من، صد حادثهٔ خفته — صد کوکب غلطان بین، صد غنچهٔ خندان بین
من کوتهِ انسانم، پیرامن یزدانم

تقدیر فسونِ من، تدبیر فسونِ تو! — تو عاشقِ لیلایی، من دشتِ جنونِ تو
چون روح رواں پایم، از چند و چگونِ تو — تو راز درونِ من، من رازِ درونِ تو
از جانِ تو پیدایم، در جانِ تو پنهانم

من رہروِ تو منزل، من مزرعِ تو حاصل! — تو سازِ صدا آہنگے، تو گرمیِ این محفل!
آوازهٔ آب و گل! در بندِ مقامِ دل — ناچیده به جایے بین این تلخیِ بے ساحل
از موجِ بلندِ تو، ترسیده بر زده طوفانم!

امامت جہان

باب ششم

THE LEADERSHIP

Leaders and leadership is an intellectual [illegible]
the spirit and awakening of the [illegible]
success without courage and moral [illegible]
life of the Nation without the development [illegible]
balance of all human powers with human rights.

The composition of this marvellous painting [illegible]
by remaining faithful to life and by [illegible]
ideals. The attitude of man as leader is unusal determination.

"A MOMIN'S ARM IS REALLY GOD'S ARM
DOMINANT, CONSTANT, RESPECTED, EFFICIENT
HUMAN BUT LIKE ANGELS INTERTWINED WITH GOD AND
WITH MASTERS' ATTRIBUTES,
HIS CAREFREE HEART NOT WORRIED ABOUT EITHER
WORLD
HIS HOPES ARE SMALL, HIS AIMS GRAND,
HIS MANNERS CAPTIVATING, HIS EYES CHARMING.
GENTLE IN SPEECH, FIERCE IN ACTION,
IN WAR OR IN FIRE OPEN A STRAIGHTNESS PURE OF HEART
AND NOBILITY OF DISPOSITION

EQUAL

قلندر کی پہچان

ہر دم جوان جس کا عمل تازہ دم ہے
وہ مردِ قلندر کہ زمانہ اس کا نہیں ہے
ایام کا مرکب نہیں وہ اس کا سوار ہے
ایام ہے اس کا، یہ اس کا نہیں ہے

اقبال

اقبال

DANCE OF DARVISHES

In view of his lofty aim the artist ha dexterously made rhythmic movements of Qalandars. In this picture the artist has so determined the perspective with the principles of perspective that the temper of the Qalandars is in accordance with ground. In the background every Qalandar is in movement and is creating the spiritual and pleasing atmosphere. The artist has enhanced the charm and beauty of the subject by his colour scheme. The composition of the picture is excellent. The faces of the Qalandars reveal the spiritual yearning with which Qalandars have dance. Chughtai has shown the extraordinary ability with which he has modelled the masses of Darveshes in the background. You can note his pronounced liking for green colour which he has used affectively in the whole picture.

"LET THE TIDINGS OF THIS SECRET BE CARRIED TO THE KINGS,
THAT A WORLD CAN BE SUBDUED BY A SOUL-ENTHRALLING MELODY.
PRIDE NOT THYSELF OVER THY WEALTH, FOR IN THE CITY OF LOVE, THE HEART OF A MAHMUD IS NOT WORTH THE SMILE OF AN AYAZ.
ALL THIS PRIDE, TO WANT NOTHING; ALL HIS POSSESSIONS, TO HAVE NOTHING.
THE HEART OF A KING TREMBLES FROM A QALANDAR WHO WANTS NOTHING.

IQBAL

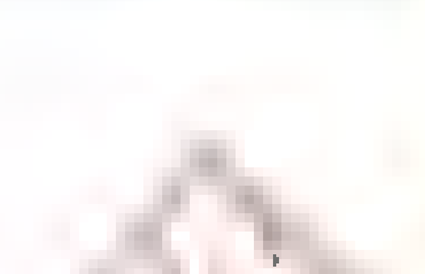
اخوت ہلال

تو اے زنجیرِ شوق میدانِ طلب میں
از خود رفتہ بہ آوازِ درا مانند

اقبال

خیال

ہر پیکر کے
ایات اور اخوت کی داستانیں زندہ تابندہ کروٹیں لیتی نظر آئے
ظہ آنے کی ہزار زوئیں ہر چہرے پر تحریریں۔ نگوں



EID MESSAGE

This huge and large painting [illegible] the artistic [illegible] the ancient tradition. It is a very impressive [illegible] members of the family are standing [illegible] beautiful scence. Realism which characterizes the [illegible] the feeling of the festival.

"FROM THE CELESTIAL HEIGHTS, SEE AFRESH THE MEADOWS OF THIS WORLD!
FROM THE HEIGHT, SEE THE LOWLINESS OF OUR HOUSE!
SEE THE CARAVAN AND WATCH THEIR LIGHTING SPEED;
AND WATCH AS WELL AS THE WARY TRAVELLERS DISGUST FOR THE MANZIL.

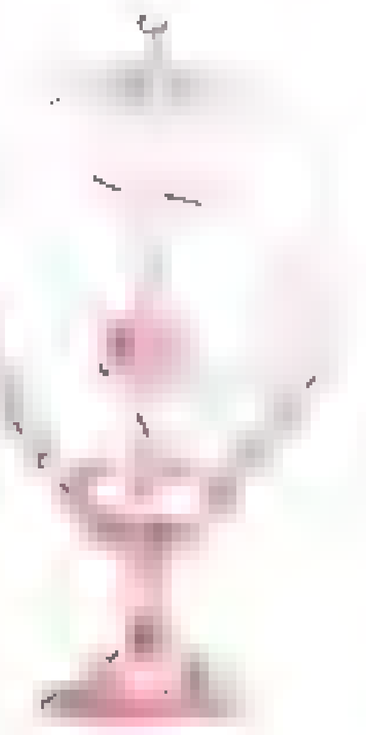
IQBAL

بے پروا خرام

کیوں تڑپتا ہے مرے آگے تمنا بن کر
یہ تڑپنا ہے دمادم زندگی کی بے دلیل

اقبال

سلے پروا حسیرام



مگو از مدعائے زندگانی
تر بہ شیوہ ہائے او نگہ نیست
من از ذوق تو خواہم ہستم
کہ تو ہستی نباشد زندگانی

بخواہی تا نباشی بیخبر باز دوم زندگی
ہمے یابی اے بے خبر راز دوم زندگی

ELEGANT WALK

This is very wide and expressive application as to provide guidance for all freedom of life Chughtai has painted this picture in the form of a landscape with a goal. As the gigal stands just like sweeping and running power from the East to West and South to North. He feels no restriction to his liberty.

The colour scheme of this picture gives an idea of an endless journey and expresses the idea of an endless world. The desert, the kingdom of God with all its splendour on the earth can provide existence to every one.

"HOW PLEASANT IT IS TO MAKE LIFE A CONTINUOUS
STRUGGLE,
TO MELT WITH A SINGLE BREATH THE HEART OF THE
MOUNTAINS, THE FOREST AND THE DESERT;
I AM ALL AN IMPERFECT BURNING; ALL A PAINFUL
LONGING—
I GIVE AWAY CERTAINTY FOR [illegible]
VICTIM OF A CEASELESS QUEST!

IQBAL

اِنسان اور شیطان

غوّاص اندر بحرِ تحقیق ہے ڈوبا ہوا

ہے ہنوز اس بحر میں شیطان سطح آب پر

اقبال

جب تک انسان

MAN AND SATAN

Blake's individual w[illegible]
He always controls the flat and gradu[illegible]
lines and colors and command[illegible]
sword and freedom from co[illegible]
ties of rhythm of lines and colo[illegible]
Each his own spirit, soul and creative vision, [illegible]
heart touch the newmood.

Blake's supreme imaginative power shows his deep emotion. As he gives a very
[illegible]al touch to his paintings, we can [illegible]
and imaginative power.

"TO THE LORD OF THE UNIVERSE [illegible] SAID
A FIREBRAND ADAM GROWS. [illegible]
MEAGRE-SHOULD, LAUM OF [illegible]
TRUSSED,
BRAIN RIPE AND SUBTLE, HEART NOT FAR FROM DEAD.

EQUAL

جنرل طارق

اقبال

چیف جسٹس آف پاکستان

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

GENERAL TARAQ

Chughtai is the artist, etcher, designer, and a talented writer. His spirit revealed in this picture [illegible] real source [illegible] justifies [illegible] historical subjects and the characters. There is no question of painting, etching and writing. It is often discernible and describable by his insight by introducing even the historical subject.

General Tara[illegible] [illegible] movement in Gibraltar

It is not surprising to find a part [illegible] delicate touch of art. General Taraq will always remain alive as a man of dignity, and this picture of General Taraq will be associated with Chughtai, the artist.

"WINDS OF THESE WATERLANDS BE YOUR LOVE!
BOKHARA, DELHI, ARE WORTH NO MORE LIKE RUNNING WATER
GO WHERE YOU WILL: THESE DESERT PLAINS ARE OURS AND OURS ARE THESE VALLEYS.

IQBAL

رخِ زیبا

اے پیکرِ گل کوششِ پیہم کی جزا دیکھ

اقبال

تصویروں میں سے ایک ہے جس میں اس کی ذہانت، اس کا کمال فن

پنجاب کی یہ ایک خوبی ہے

آنچہ در بزم شوق آورد دام و انی کہ چیست

یک نم خندہ ہے

EVE OF THE FUTURE

"THE MARTYRS OF LOVE ARE NOT MUSLIM NOR
PAYNIM
THE MANNERS OF LOVE ARE NOT ARAB NOR TURK;
SOME PASSION FOR OTHER THAN LOVE WAS THE
POWER
THAT TAUGHT GHAZNI'S HIGH RULER TO [illegible]
SLAVE.

IQBAL

اسحاق موصلی

نہ ہو جلال تو حسن و جمال بے تاثیر
نہ آتش سبک اگر تو سمندر خاک

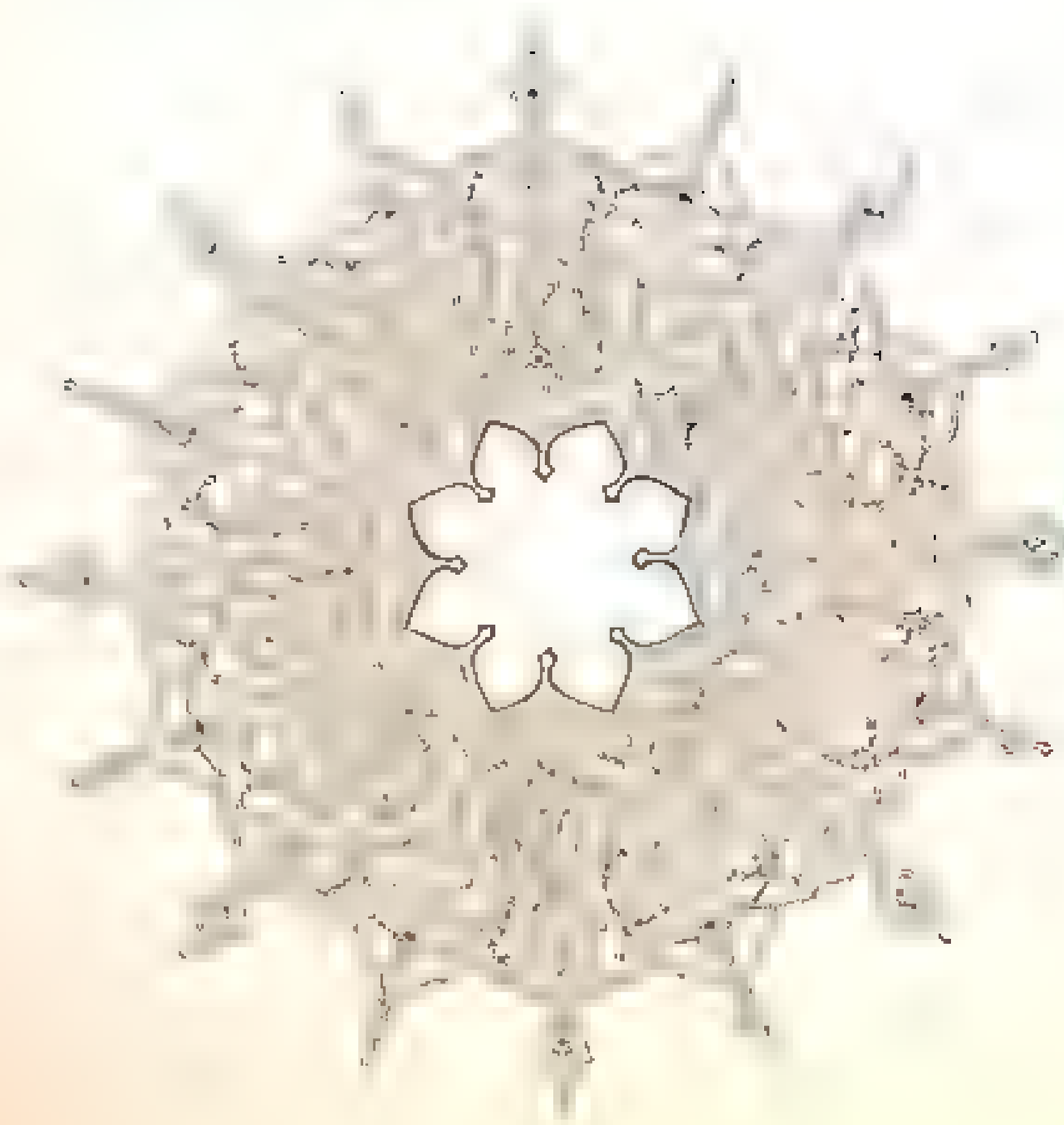
اقبال

ISHAQ MOOSA

[illegible] was really a great classical musician of his time. He was a creator
[illegible]
[illegible] of [illegible]
[illegible]

Being a gifted artist, [illegible]
[illegible] of our history. His subjects always stimulate his creative power.

"A MELODY MUST BE NOURISHED ON MADNESS OF LOVE,
"IT SHOULD BE [illegible]
A MELODY THAT HAS NO MEANING IS DEAD
ITS WARMTH IS ONLY FROM A DYING [illegible]
THE SKILFUL MASTER IMPROVES UPON NATURE
AND REVEALS HIS SECRET TO OUR GAZE!
HE CREATS A NEW WORLD-
AND GIVES A NEW LIFE TO OUR BEING



خوابِ گران، خیز

اے غنچہ خوابیدہ چو نرگس نگران خیز — کاشانۂ ما رفت بتاراج خزاں خیز
از نالۂ مرغِ چمن، از بانگِ اذاں خیز — از گرمیِ ہنگامۂ آتش نفساں خیز

از خوابِ گران، خوابِ گران، خوابِ گران خیز

از خوابِ گران خیز

خورشید کہ پیرایہ بسیمائے سحر بست — آویزہ بگوشِ سحر از خونِ جگر بست
از دشت و جبل قافلہ ہا رختِ سفر بست — اے چشمِ جہان بیں بہ تماشائے جہان خیز

از خوابِ گران، خوابِ گران، خوابِ گران خیز

از خوابِ گران خیز

خاور ہمہ مانندِ نیستانِ سرابے است — یک نالۂ خاموش و اثر باختہ آبے است
ہر ذرۂ این خاک گرہ خوردہ نگاہے است — از ہند و سمرقند و عراق و ہمدان خیز

از خوابِ گران، خوابِ گران، خوابِ گران خیز

از خوابِ گران خیز

دریائے تو دریاست کہ آسودہ چو صحراست
دریائے تو دریاست کہ افزون نشود و کاست

بیگانہ ازو شوخ و نہنگ است چہ دریاست
از سینہ چاکش نہ فتد موج روان خیز

از خواب گران، خواب گران، خواب گران خیز

از خوابِ گران خیز

این نکتہ کشائندۂ اسرار نہان است
ملک است تن خاکی و دین روح روان است

تن زندہ و جان زندہ ز ربطِ تن و جان است
با خرقہ و سجادہ و شمشیر و سنان خیز

از خوابِ گران، خوابِ گران، خوابِ گران خیز

از خوابِ گران خیز

ناموس ازل را تو امینی تو امینی
دارائے جہان را تو یساری تو یمینی

اے بندۂ خاکی تو زمانی تو زمینی
صہبائے یقین در کش و از دیر گمان خیز

از خوابِ گران، خوابِ گران، خوابِ گران خیز

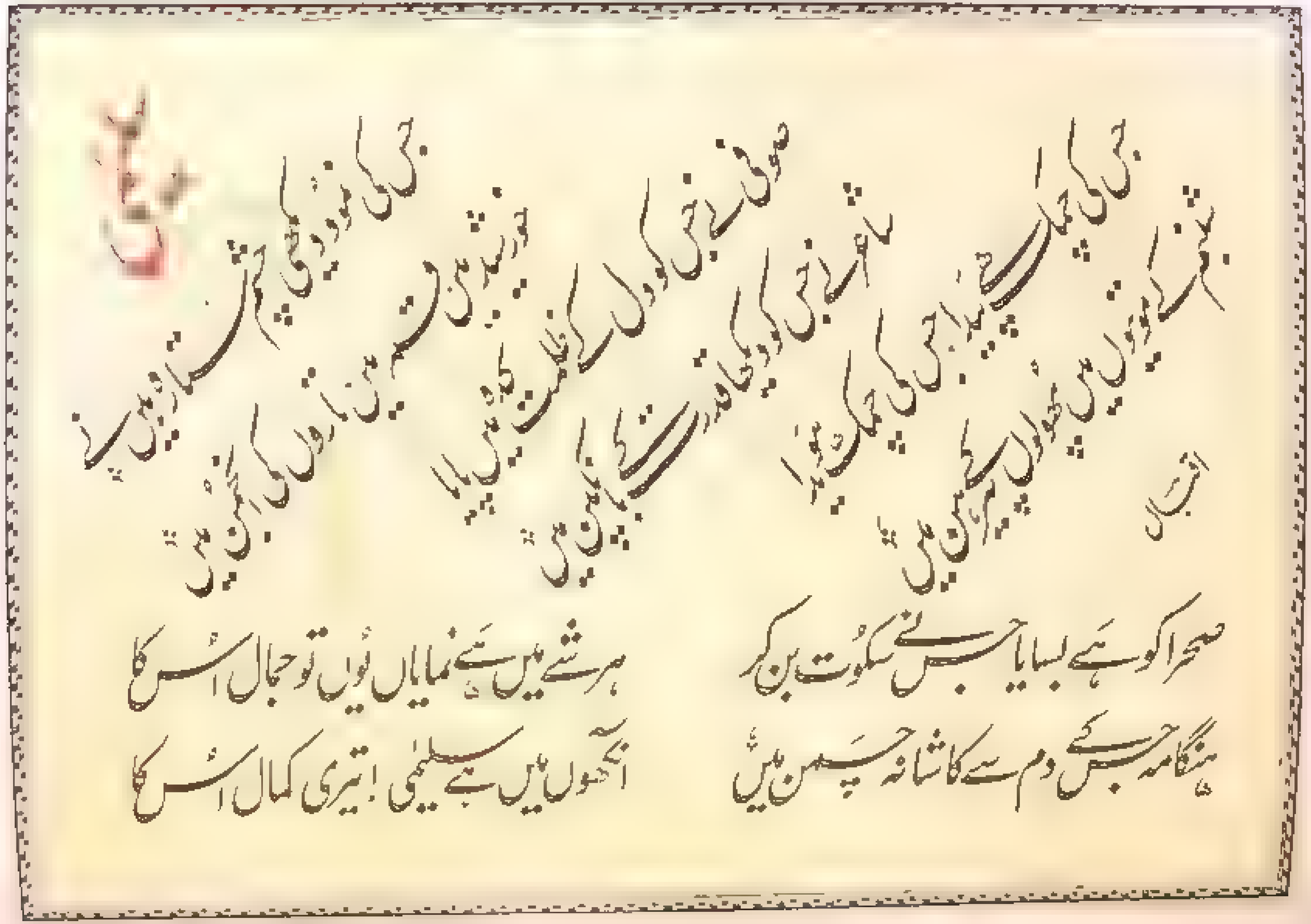
از خوابِ گران خیز

فریاد ز افرنگ و دلاویزی افرنگ
فریاد ز شیرینی و پرویزی افرنگ

عالم ہمہ ویرانہ ز چنگیزی افرنگ
معمارِ حرم! باز بہ تعمیرِ جہان خیز

از خواب گران، خوابِ گران، خوابِ گران خیز

از خوابِ گران خیز



صحرا کو ہے بسایا جس نے سکوت بن کر
ہر شے میں ہے نمایاں یوں تو جمال اُس کا

ہنگامہ جس کے دم سے کاشانہ چمن ہے
آنکھوں میں ہے سلیمیٰ! تیری کمال اُس کا

اقبال

عظمتِ آدم

جس سے دل دریا متلاطم نہیں ہوتا
اے قطرۂ نیساں وہ صدف کیا وہ گہر کیا

اقبال

فطرت کی خدمت سے کر آزاد بہت دور

THE GLORY OF ALMIGHTY

This is the most abstract subject and a pl[illegible] Impressionistic mood of the painting and background is remarkable.

The movement and the activities of art and the [illegible] real artist and exhibit the same kind of [illegible] paintings.

"TRANSMUTE THY HANDFUL OF EARTH INTO GOLD.
KISS THE THRESHOLD OF A PERFECT-MAN.
FROM THE WINE OF LOVE SPRING MANY SPIRITUAL QUALITIES;
AMONGST THE ATTRIBUTES OF LOVE IS BLIND DEVOTION.
BE A LOVER CONSTANT IN DEVOTION [illegible]
THAT THOU MAYEST CAST THY NOOSE AND CAPTURE GOD.

IQBAL

وصیت نامہ

اقبال

DEAD SHRINES

This is another [illegible] The Etchings [illegible] command over [illegible] Etching [illegible] marvellous [illegible]

As an Etcher Chiglien [illegible] ed every success in this technique.

"NOT MERE GIFTS—COMPOUND INTEREST THESE SAINTS WANT,
IN LACE HAIR-SHIRT A USURER'S DRESSED
WHO INHERITS HIS SEAT OF AUTHORITY
LIKE A CROW IN THE EAGLE'S OLD NEST."

IQBAL.

تخلیقِ پیکر

ز آب و گل خدا نوشِ پیکرے ساخت
بہانے از ارم زیبا ترے ساخت

اقبال

تصویر

صحرا کوہے بسیار جس نے سلسلہ

زآب و گل خدا آتش پکیرے ساخت بہانے از ارم نیساترے ساخت

FLASK OF WANHU

"ALTHOUGH THE ANGEL DWELLS BEYOND
THE TALISMAN OF THE SKIES,
YET ON THIS HAND OF DUST IS FOUND
AFFECTION REST HIS EYES.
THINK NOT UPON ONE FASHION GOES
THE GAME OF LOVE FORLORN;
SAME ARE THE TULIP AND THE ROSE
AND YET THEIR ROOT IS BORN

IQBAL

شہرت

ہیولیٰ وہ کیا جو بوند سے پیدا ہو دم بھر میں
شہرت کی زندگی کا بھروسا بھی چند ہے

اقبال

کا پتہ دیتی ہیں۔ اس نے بستہ میں فوٹو لی تھی۔ اس چہرے سے کوہ ست میں [illegible] نمایاں کرنے کا فوٹو میں چہرہ کر رنگوں اور خطوں کے تعامل میں ایسا پھنسا کہ پھر نکل نہ سکا اور آرٹسٹ بن گیا۔ اس کی تصویریں اس کے ہندوستانی آرٹسٹ ہونے کے جوہر دکھاتی ہیں۔ اس نے ہندو نہ تصویریں بنانے میں بڑی شہرت حاصل کی اس کی خوبصورت ہندو بیوی کو دیکھ کر اس سے [illegible]

پچھتاوا دانشور [illegible] ہے [illegible] یہ واردات قلب ہی ہے جس پر آرٹ کی بنیاد [illegible] ہے۔ اس کی نشوونما اس کے خلوص اور [illegible] ہندوانہ تصویریں سدا اس کی بلند نامی کے گیت گاتی رہیں گی۔ [illegible] کی طرح ہو کبھی محو نہیں ہوتا ؎

تا نجانوف چراغ محفلے
[illegible] شود سوز اگر داری دلے

[illegible] کلام کیا ہو نہ ہو دل میں درد عشق
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

ہینا وہ کیا ہو ہو نفس غیر پر مدار
شہرت کی زندگی کا بھروسا بھی چھوڑ دے

[illegible]

[illegible]

In the picture the dif[illegible] between [illegible] [illegible] is both imaginative and creative artist.

[illegible] attempt.

[illegible]

"WHENCE HAST THOU GATHERED THIS WORLD [illegible] FIRE?
THOU HAST TAUGHT THE POOR MOTH THE BURN[illegible]
ZEAL OF MOSES.
O HEEDLESS! ACQUAINT THYSELF WITH THY WORTH
FOR THOU
ART A DROP—BUT HAST THE POTENTIALITY OF A
BOUNDLESS OCEAN

IQBAL

پیشگفتار

دلبستگی به قافیه راه دوری است

دلبستگی با شعر من پیشه‌ی است

قیال

PRINCE SALIM

The evolution [illegible]

[illegible] Jahangir inherited Akbar's throne, was the Golden [illegible] of the great Mughals. [illegible]

[illegible] tai always creates memorable and remarkable objects with [illegible] emotion and [illegible]tion

"APPEAR, O RIDER OF DESTINY!
APPEAR, O LIGHT OF THE DARK REALM OF CHANGE;
SILENCE THE NOISE OF THE NATIONS,
IMPARADISE OUR EARS WITH THY MUSIC;
ARISE AND TUNE THE HARP OF BROTHERHOOD,
GIVE US BACK THE CUP OF THE WINE OF LOVE!

IQBAL.

نُسخۂ حرم

وجودِ زن سے ہے تصویرِ کائنات میں رنگ
اسی کے ساز سے ہے زندگی کا سوز و دروں

اقبال

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

اختر حسن

کہ شرف ہے اسی دن کا در مکنون

جو دن سے ہے تصویر کائنات میں رنگ

کی کے سازسے ہے زندگی کا سوز دروں

DAUGHTER OF THE HARAM

"THE COLOUR IN THE PICTURE OF THE UNIVERSE IS DUE TO WOMEN.
THE INNER BURNING OF LIFE IS DUE TO HER INSTRUMENT:
IN DIGNITY, HER HANDLING OF [illegible]
THE PLEIADES.
FOR ALL DIGNITY IS THE SECRET PEARL OF THIS PRECIOUS BOX:

EQUAL.

پیشگفتار

تو دانی که من دشت پرور نیَم
نه‌ام راست در دامن کوهسار

اقبال

SPARKLING EYES

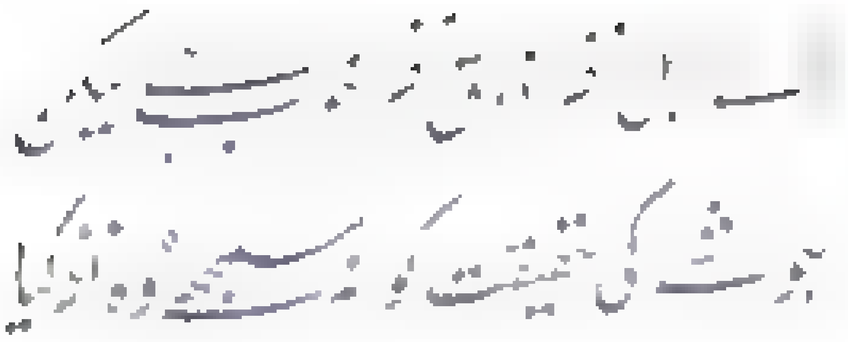
Chughtai has attained perfection in his art and [illegible]
an artist. He followed [illegible] style and [illegible]
revivalist of the Persian and Mughal art, he won international fame.

The characteristics of Chughtai's [illegible]
e romantic type of [illegible] Picture further
tendencies.

"NOT INCLINED TO WORSHIP THE APPARENT, I BROKE
THE IDOL-HOUSE;
I AM THAT RUSHING TORRENT WHICH SWEEPS ASIDE
ALL OBSTACLES.
ABOUT MY BEING OR NOT BEING, INTELLECT HAD
DOUBTS,
LOVE REVEALED THE SECRET THAT I AM.

IQBAL

آہنگِ بلال



اقبال

THE MELODY OF LIFE

This is the most [illegible] with [illegible] vague illumination of the background. The attractive figures are in one direction and [illegible] an expressive work of Chughtai.

Chughtai has [illegible] atmosphere. Apart from the composition its colour scheme is marvellous. The combination of cool green colour. The expression, feeling of the figure are exquisite.

"SONG SHOULD BE NOURISHED BY A SYSTEM
SO THAT IT MAY REMOVE FROM THE HEARTS
CLOUDS OF GRIEF
IT SHOULD BE NOURISHED ON ECSTASY
A FIRE DISSOLVED IN THE BLOOD OF THE HEART
IT IS POSSIBLE TO DEVELOPMENT AND TO BE THE VOICE
AND MAKE SILENCE A PART OF IT

IQBAL

گُل خنداں

یونیسیال

خیز که در باغ و راغ قافله گل رسید
باد بهاران وزید مژدهٔ نوآفرید
لاله کریمان دمید سرو گل تازه چید
خیز که در باغ و راغ قافله گل رسید

THE MUGHAL PRINCESSES

Chughtai made many important paintings from Mughal his[illegible] love and regard. In this painting he shows his tendency to exp[illegible] Mughals.

There are many vertical lines and contrast, which [illegible] beauty. The artist frequently uses ornament [illegible] we find in many of his paintings.

The figures are admirably contrasted [illegible] in a typical Mughal Garden. [illegible] harmonious rendering of the subject of the picture.
The painting was exhibited in India, at Royal [illegible] Pakistan.

"ARISE! FOR HILLS AND DALES
THE SPRING HAS ARRIVED!
MAD IN SINGING ARE NIGHTINGALES
CUCKOOS, PARTRIDGES, AND QUAILS,
ALONG THE BANKS OF THE BROOK
HAVE SPRUNG ROSES AND THE POPPY,
COME OUT AND SEE
ARISE, FOR ON HILLS AND DALES
THE SPRING HAS ARRIVED!"

IQBAL

GOD'S COMMAND TO HIS ANGELS

Rise, and from their slumber wake the poor ones of My world,
Shake the walls and windows of the mansions of the great!
Kindle with the fire of faith the slow blood of the slaves!
Make the fearful sparrow bold to meet the falcon's hate!
Close the hour approaches of the kingdom of the poor
Every imprint of the past find and annihilate!
Find the field whose harvest is no peasant's daily bread
Garner in the furnace every ripening ear of wheat!
Banish from the house of God the mumbling priest whose prayers
Like a veil creation from Creator separate!
God by man's prostrations, by man's vows are idols cheated -
Quench at once in Me shame and their fane the sacred light!
Rear for me another temple, build its walls with mud
Wearied of their columned marbles, sickened is My sight!
All their fine new world a workshop filled with brittle glass –
Go! My port of the East to madness dedicate.

– Bal-i-Jibreel

GOD AND MAN

I MADE this world, from one same earth and water.
You made Tartaria, Nubia, and Iran.
I forged from dust the iron's unsullied ore,
You fashioned sword and arrowhead and gun;
You shaped the axe to hew the garden tree,
You wove the cage to hold the singing-bird.

MAN

You made the night and I the lamp,
And You the clay and I the cup;
You desert, mountain-peak, and vale:
I flower-bed, park and orchard; I
Who grind a mirror out of stone,
Who brew from poison honey-drink.

–Pyam-i-Mashriq

Out of leaden sleep
Out of slumber deep
Arise !
Out of slumber deep
Arise !
Thou art true and worshipful
Guardian of eternal Rule,
Thou the left hand and the right
Of the world-possessor's might.
Shackled slave of earthy race,
Thou art Time, and thou art Space :
Wine of faith that fear defies
Drink, and from doubt's prison rise !
Out of leaden sleep,
Out of slumber deep
Arise !
Out of slumber deep
Arise !
Against Europe, I protest
And the attraction of the West :
Woe for Europe and her charm,
Swift to capture and disarm !
Europe's hordes with flame and fire
Desolate the world entire ;
Architect of Sanctuaries,
Earth awaits rebuilding ; rise !
Out of leaden sleep
Out of slumber deep
Arise !
Out of slumber deep
Arise !

—Zabur-i-Ajam

And a wasted sigh and spent :
Yet each atom of this earth
Is a gaze of tortured birth.
Under Ind's and Persia's skies,
Through Arabia's plains, rise !
Out of leaden sleep,
Out of slumber deep
Arise !
Out of slumber deep
Arise !
See thy ocean is at rest,
Slumberous as a desert waste ;
Yea, no waxing or increase
E'er disturbs thy ocean's peace.
Ne'er thy ocean knoweth storm
Or Leviathan's dread swarm :
Rend its breast and billow-wise
Swelling into tumult, rise !
Out of leaden sleep,
Out of slumber deep
Arise !
Out of slumber deep
Arise !
Listen to this subtlety
That reveals all mystery :
Empire is the body's dust,
Spirit, true Religion's trust ;
Body lives and spirit lives
By the life their union gives.
Lance in hand, and sword at thighs,
Cloaked, and with thy prayer-mat, rise !

OUT OF SLUMBER DEEP ARISL

Little flower fast asleep,
Rise narcissus-like, and peep ;
Lo, the bower droops and dies
Wasted by cold griefs ; arise !
Now that birdsong fills the air
And muezzins call to prayer,
Listen to the burning sighs
Of the passionate hearts, and rise !
Out of leaden sleep,
Arise Out of slumber deep
Arise !
Out of slumber deep
Arise !
Now the sun, that doth adorn
With his rays the brow of morn,
Doth suffuse the cheeks thereof
With the crimson blush of love.
Over mountain, over plain
Caravans take route again ;
Bright and world-beholding eyes,
Gaze upon the world, and rise !
Out of leaden sleep
Out of slumber deep
Arise !
Out of slumber deep
Arise !
All the Orient doth lie
Like strewn dust, the roadway by,
Or a still and hushed lament

See how those colours change, there in that azure vault!
Drowned in twilight, a cloud hangs over vale and hill,
Heaped by this sunset with red rubies of Badakhshan.
Simple, poignant, a girl singing her peasant song;
Youth is the current that bears lightly the boat of the heart.
Flowing Guadalquivir! Here on your bank is one
Gazing at things gone by dreams of another day.
Destiny's curtain till now muffles the world to be,
Yet, already, its dawn stands before me unveiled;
Were I to lift this mask hiding the face of my thoughts,
Europe could never endure songs as burning as mine!
Death, not life, is the life no revolutions stir:
Change, upheaval, the air breathed by the nations' souls;
Keen as a sword that Fate holds in its hand is a folk
Mindful to reckon its deeds, casting their sum in each age.
Warmed by no blood from the heart, all man's creations are botched:
Warmed by no blood from the heart, poetry's rapture grows faint.

—Bal-i-Jibreel

THE EARTH IS GOD'S

Who rears the seed in the darkness of the ground?
Who lifts the cloud up from the ocean wave?
Who drew here from the west the fruitful wind?
Who made the soil, or who that light of the sun?
Who filled with pearls of grain the tasselled wheat?
Who taught the months by instinct to revolve?
Landlord! this earth is not thine, is not thine,
Nor yet thy fathers'; no, not thine, not mine.

—Bal-i-Jibreel

Ah, those proud cavaliers, champions Arabia sent forth,
Pledged to the splendid Way, knights of the truth and the
creed!

Through their empire a strange secret was understood:
Friends of mankind hold sway not to command but to serve
Europe and Asia from them gathered instruction: the West
Lay in darkness, and their wisdom discovered the path.
Even to-day in this land rich with their blood, dwells a race
Carefree, open of heart, simple and smiling-faced;
Even to-day in this land eyes like the soft gazelle's
Dart those glances whose barbs stick in the breast where
they fall;

Even to-day in its breeze fragrance of Yemen still floats.
Even to-day in its songs echoes live on of Hejaz.
Under the stars your realm lies like a heaven—alas!
Ages are fled since your courts heard their last prayer-call
sound.

What new halting-place now, what far valley, has lost
Dauntless caravan reached, treading its stormy road?
Germany saw, long since, Reformation's rough winds
Blotting the old ways out, sweeping away every trace,
Vicars of Christ and their pomp dwindling to lying words,
Reason's fragile bark launched once more on its course;
Under the eyes of France, Revolution long since
Fashioned anew the whole world known to the men of the
West;

Rome's chief daughter, grown old worshipping ancient things,
Led by desire of Rebirth found she too, second youth.
Now in the soul of Islam tumults like those are astir,
Working God's secret will: tongue cannot tell what they mean.
Watch! from that ocean-depth what comes surging at last!

Never can Muslim despair : he, reciting his creed,
Stands before God where once Moses and Abraham stood,
Limitless is his world, endless horizons are his,
Tigris and Danube and Nile billows that roll in his sea ;
Fabulous days have been his, strange are the tales he can tell,
He who to ages outworn brought the command to depart ;
He who gladdens the gay, rides in the lists of Love,
Pure and unmixed his cup, tempered and pure his steel,
Warrior armed in this mail : There is no god but God,
Under the shadow of swords refuged by no god but God.
Here stands his inmost self manifest in your stones,
Fire of passionate days, rapture of melting nights ;
Here his high station displayed, here his high-mounting
thoughts,
Here his joy and desire, self-abasement and pride.
As is the hand of God, so the Believer's hand.
Potent, guided by craft, strong to create and to rule.
Fashioned of dust and light, creature divine of soul,
Careless of both the worlds beats his not humble heart ;
Frugal of earthly hope, splendid of purpose, he earns
Friendship with courteous mien, wins every voice by his
glance ;
Mild in the social hour, swift in the hour of pursuit,
Whether in feast or in fray pure in conscience and deed.
Round His servant's firm faith God's great compasses turn ;
All this universe else shadow, illusion and myth.
He is Reason's last goal, he is the harvest of Love,
He in creation's hall sets all spirits ablaze.
Shrine of the lovers of art ! Visible power of the Faith !
Sacred as Mecca you made, once, Andalusia's soil.
If there is under these skies loveliness equal to yours,
Only in Muslim heart, nowhere else can it be.

Ages as yet unnamed far from this now-flowing hour
Love is Gabriel's breath, Love is Mahomet's strong heart,
Love is the envoy of God, Love the utterance of God.
Even our mortal clay, touched by Love's ecstasy, glows;
Love is a new-pressed wine, Love is the goblet of kings,
Love the priest of the shrine, Love the commander of hosts,
Love the son of the road, counting a thousand homes
Love's is the plectrum that draws music from life's taut
strings
Love's is the warmth of life. Love's is the radiance of life
Shrine of Cordoba! from Love all your existence is sprung.
Love that can know no end, stranger to Then-and-Now.
Colour or stone and brick, music and song or speech,
Only the heart's warm blood feeds such marvels of craft;
Flint with one drop of that blood turns to a beating heart
Melody, mirth and joy gush out of warm heart's blood.
Yours the soul-quickening pile, mine the soul-kindling verse,
Yours to knock at men's hearts, mine to open their gates.
Not less exalted than high Heaven is the human breast.
Handful of dust though it be, bounded by that blue sky,
What, to Him Who is Light, is it to watch men kneel?
He cannot feel this fire melting our limbs as we pray.
I from the infidel East see with what fervour I glow,
Blessings on God and His Saint filling my soul and my mouth:
Fervently sounds my voice, ardently sounds my lute,
God is God, like a song, thrilling through every vein!
Outward and inward grace, witness in you for him.
Prove your builder, like you, fair of shape and soul:
Firm those foundations are fixed, countless those pillars soar
Like an array of palms over the Syrian sands.
Light such as Moses beheld gleams on those walls, that roof,
High on that minaret's top Gabriel sits enthroned!

جزرِ اسلام

رو لے اب دل کھول کر اے دیدۂ خونابہ بار
وہ نظر آتا ہے تہذیبِ حجازی کا مزار

تھا یہاں ہنگامہ ان صحرا نشینوں کا کبھی
بحر بازی گاہ تھا جن کے سفینوں کا کبھی

زلزلے جن سے شہنشاہوں کے درباروں میں تھے
بجلیوں کے آشیانے جن کی تلواروں میں تھے

اِک جہانِ تازہ کا پیغام تھا جن کا ظہور
کھا گئی عصرِ کہن کو جن کی تیغِ نا صبور

مُردہ عالم زندہ جن کی شورشِ قم سے ہوا
آدمی آزاد زنجیرِ توہم سے ہوا

غلغلوں سے جسکے لذت گیر اب تک گوش ہے
کیا وہ تکبیر اب ہمیشہ کیلئے خاموش ہے

آہ! اے سیلِ اسمٰعیل کی ہے تجھ سے آبرو
زیب تیرے خال سے رخسارِ دریا کو رہے

رہنما کی طرح اِس پانی کے صحرا میں ہے تو
تیری موجوں سے تسلی بحر پیما کو رہے

ہو نسیمِ چشمِ مسافر پر ترا منظر مدام — موجِ رقصاں تیرے ساحل کی چٹانوں پر مدام

تو کبھی اس قوم کی تہذیب کا گہوارہ تھا

حسنِ عالم سوز جس کا آتشِ نظارہ تھا

نابکش شیراز کا بلبل ہوا بغداد پر — داغِ رویا خون کے آنسو جہاں آباد پر

آسماں نے دولتِ غرناطہ جب برباد کی — ابنِ بدروں کے دلِ ناشاد نے فریاد کی

ختم عیشِ اقبال کو بخشا گیا ماتم ترا

چن لیا تقدیر نے وہ دل کہ تھا محرم ترا

سے ترے آثار میں پوشیدہ کس کی داستاں! — تیرے ساحل کی خموشی میں ہے انداز بیاں!

درد اپنا مجھ سے کہہ میں بھی سراپا درد ہوں — جس کی تو منزل تھا میں اس کارواں کی گرد ہوں

رنگِ تصویر کہن میں تیرے دکھلا دے مجھے — قصۂ ایامِ سلف کا کہہ کے تڑپا دے مجھے

میں ترا تحفہ سوئے ہندوستاں لے جاؤں گا

خود یہاں روتا ہوں اوروں کو وہاں رلواؤں گا

THE MOSQUE OF CORDOVA

Day succeeding to night moulder of all time's works!
Day succeeding to night fountain of life and of death!
Chain of the days and nights two-coloured thread of silk
Woven by him that is into His being's robe!
Chain of the days and nights sigh of eternity's harp,
Height and depth of all things possible, God-revealed.
You are brought to their test; I am brought to their test
Day revolving with night touchstone of all this world;
Weighed in their scales you and I weighed and found wanting,
  shall both
Find in death our reward, find in extinction our wage;
What other sense have your nights, what have your days,
  but one
Long blank current of time empty of sunset or dawn?
All Art's wonders arise only to vanish once more;
All things built on this earth sink as if built on sand!
Inward and outward things, first things and last, must die;
Things from of old or new-born find their last goal in death.
Yet, in this frame of things, gleams of immortal life
Show where some servant of God wrought into some high
  shape
Work whose perfection is still bright with the splendor of
Love—
Love, the well-spring of life: Love on which death has no
  claim.
Swiftly its tyrannous flood time's long current may roll:
Love itself is a tide, stemming all opposite waves.
Other ages in Love's calendar are set down.

TO THE EARTH

"If thou hadst known Thy priceless trust thou would'st
Not grieve. For if thou look'st within thy soul
Thou'lt find tumultuous life to brighten up
Thy days and spurn the Outer source of light.
What makes the morning bright? the spotted sun!
From stainless life thy light will come. This light
Will move in pathless spaces faster than
The moonbeams or the sun's rays. Hast thou washed
Hope's limning from the tablet of thy soul?
It is from thy own dark dust that the glow
Of life will come. Man's knowledge will invade
All space, his love will claim the infinite.
With eyes more wakeful than e'en Gabriel's,
He'll find the way unled. Though moulded out
Of clay he will like the angels soar, until
The sky will be a tavern old upon
The path he treads. The texture of this vault
He will pierce just as a needle runs through silk.
And wash the cloth of life of all its stains.
His glance will make the murky earth aglow.
Though little given to prayer and disposed
To bloodshed, yet a spur he will be for time.
He from the universe will learn to see
The being in Attributes. "He who is lost
In rapture o'er the beauty of the Lord
Becomes the monarch of all living things".

Javid Nameh

Past moon and sun I journeyed,
To where God sits enskied;—
In all your world no atom
Is kin of mine, I cried:
Heartless that world, this handful
Of dust all heart, all pain;
Enchantment fills Your garden,
But I sing there in vain.
—There gathered on His lips a smile;
He smiled and did not speak.

—Pyam-i-Mashriq

GHAZAL

Slow fire of longing—wealth beyond compare;
I would not change my prayer-mat for Heaven's chair!
Ill fits this world Your freemen, ill the next
Death's hard yoke frets then here, life's hard yoke there.
Close veils inflame the loiterer in Love's Lane;
Your long reluctance fans my passion's flare.
The hawk lives out his days in rock and desert,
Tame nest twig-carrying his proud claws forswear.
Was it book-lesson or father's glance, that taught
The son of Abraham what a son should bear?
Bold hearts, firm souls, come pilgrim to my tomb;
I taught poor dust to tower hill-high in air.
Truth has no need of me for tiring maid;
To stain the tulip red is Nature's care.

—Bal-i-Jibreel

SOLITUDE

I STOOD beside the ocean
    And asked the restless wave
To what eternal troubling,
    To what quest are you slave?
With orient pearls by thousands
    Your mantle's edges shine.
But is there in your bosom
    One gem, one heart, like mine?
—It shuddered from the shore and fled,
    It fled, and did not speak.
I stood before the mountain,
    And said, Unpitying thing!
Could sorrow's lamentation
    Your hearing never wring?
If hidden in your granite
    One ruby blood-drop lie,
Do not to my affliction
    One answering word deny!
—Within its cold unbreathing self
    It shrank, and did not speak.
I travelled a long pathway:
    And asked the moon Shall some
Far day, oh doomed to wander,
    Or no day, end your doom?
Our earth your silver glances
    With lakes of jasmine lace;
Is it a heart within you
    Whose hot glow scars your face?
—It stared with jealous eyes towards
    The stars, and did not speak.

GABRIEL AND SATAN

GABRIEL

COMARADE of ancient days! how fares the world of sight and
sound?

SATAN

In fire and rage and grief and pain and hope and longing drowned.

GABRIEL

No hour goes by in Paradise but your name is spoken there;
Is it not possible that rent robe be mended that you wear?

SATAN

Ah, Gabriel! you have never guessed my mystery; alas
Maddened for ever I left upon Heaven's floor my broken glass.
Impossible, oh! impossible, I should dwell here again;
Silent, how silent all this realm no place no loud lane!
I whose despair is the fire by which the universe is stirred.
What should I do all hope renounce, or hope yet in God's word?

GABRIEL

Your mutiny has put our high estate in Heaven to shame;
In the Creator's eye what credit now can angels claim?

SATAN

But in Man's pinch of dust my daring spirit has breathed ambition
The Warp and woof of mind and reason are woven of my sedition.
The deeps of good and ill you only see from land's far verge:
Which of us is it, you or I that dares the tempest's scourge?
Your ministers and your prophets are pale shades; the storms
I teem.
Roll down ocean by ocean, river by river stream by stream!
Ask this of God, when next you stand alone within His Sight -
Whose blood is it has painted Man's long history so bright?
In the heart of the Almighty like a pricking thorn I lie;
You only cry for ever God, oh God, oh God most high!

-Bal-i-Jibreel

Denied celestial grace a nation goes
No further than electricity or steam ;
Death to the heart, machines stand sovereign,
Engines that crush all sense of human kindness
Yet signs are counted here and there that Fate,
The chess-player, has checkmated all their cunning.
The Tavern shakes, its warped foundations crack,
The old Men of Europe sit there numb with fear ;
What twilight flush is left those faces now
Is paint and powder or lent by flask and cup.
Omnipotent, righteous, Thou ; but bitter the hours,
Bitter the labourer's chained hours in Thy World !
When shall this galley of Gold's dominion founder?
Thy world Thy day of Wrath, Lord, stands and waits.

—Bal-i-Jibreel

DAWN IN THE GARDEN

FLOWER

PERHAPS you fancied
My land far off, sky-herald!
No, it is not far.

DEW

But only labouring wings
Prove earth not far from heaven!

DAWN

Softly as morning,
Not trampling its dewdrop pearls
Enter this garden.
Clasp hill and desert yet still
Catch in your hands the sky's robe.

—Zarb-i-Kalim

All space and all that breathes bear witness ; truth
It is indeed ; Thou art and dost remain.
How could I know that God was or was not,
Where Reason's reckonings shifted hour by hour?
The peerer at planets, the counter-up of plants,
Heard nothing there of Nature's infinite music ;
To-day I witnessing acknowledge realms.
That I once thought the mummery of the Church.
We, manacled in the chains of day and night !
Thou, moulder of all time's atoms, builder of aeons !
Let me have leave to ask this question, one
Not answered by the subtleties of the schools,
That while I lived under the sky-tent's roof
Like a thorn rankled in my heart, and made
Such chaos in my soul of all its thoughts,
I could not keep my tumbling words in bounds.
Oh, of what mortal race art Thou the God?
Those creatures formed of dust beneath these heavens?
Europe's pale cheeks are Asia's pantheon,
And Europe's pantheon her glittering metals.
A blaze of Art and Science lights the West
With darkness that no fountain of life dispels ;
In high-reared grace, in glory and in grandeur,
The towering Bank out-tops the cathedral roof ;
What they call commerce is a game of dice.
For one profit, for millions swooping death.
There science, philosophy, scholarship, government,
Preach man's equality and drink men's blood ;
Naked debauch, and want, and unemployment—
Are these mean triumphs of the Frankish arts !

POEMS FROM IQBAL

INVOCATION TO THE PERFECT MAN

Appear, O rider of Destiny!
Appear, O light of the dark realm of Change!
Illumine the scene of existence,
Dwell in the blackness of our eyes!
Silence the noise of the nations,
Imparadise our ears with thy music!
Arise and tune the harp of brotherhood,
Give us back the cup of the wine of love!
Bring once more days of peace to the world,
Give a message of peace to them that seek battle!
Mankind are the cornfield and thou the harvest,
Thou art the goal of Life's Caravan.
The leaves are scattered by Autumn's fury.
Oh, do thou pass over our gardens as the Spring!
Receive from our downcast brows
The homage of little children and of young men and old!
It is to thee that we owe our dignity,
And silently undergo the pains of life.

—Asrar-i-Khudi

and assessments by leading art critics. His paintings adorn the renowned collections of the world. He has contributed to almost every great [illegible] exhibitions have been held in India, Poland, Holland, France, Germany, Russia, America and in the Royal Academy of London. In 1934 the British Government honoured him with the title of Khan Bahadur in recognition of his artistic talents which today sounds like a legend. Government of Pakistan honoured him with the title of Hilal-i-Imtiaz (the order of the Crescent of Merit). His characteristic, individual style, his technique and his productions have been termed as Chughtai Art and Chughtai school. [illegible] and uprightness of calligraphy, and his lasting colours are like those of the carpet which are the products of his own country and community.

Chughtai is an artist but he is also a great collector. His collection contains rare Iranian miniatures and manuscripts; and such miniatures of the Mughal and Kangra schools, which are not to be found not only [illegible] vast country like India. Besides Persian, Mughal and Rajput miniatures, his collection also comprises a very rare and fine collection of Muslim Calligraphy from the 14th to the 19th century. He has also original etchings and engravings of great European masters of the 14th to the 16th century; in these he has the work of Rembrandt, Durer, Rubens and [illegible], Germany, Italy and Belgium etc., and a series of Japanese colour woodcut prints.

[illegible] ambition of his at all cost, especialy because almost the whole of the literary, decorative and the illustrative materials for the intended publication are ready for the press. This is the outcome of his continuous, hard labour extending over not less than fifteen years.

R.A. Abbasi, Faruk Beg, Nazir and Asar, Syed Mir Ali Khwaja Abdu Samad Sharazi just as the Western artists have done in the recent times ideals to enhance the prestige of their art. And it is necessary that, in order to draw the attention of our people towards the past, we should recount the social order and conditions of our past times and should make use of the narrating symbols and should cast our creative pattern in such moulds with which we will be easily ourselves united.

Chughtai's art has passed through various phases and in every period he has established his individuality. And up to this time he has not given up his pencil and brush. It seems that the ideal of his life has been Iranian, Mughal and Rajput paintings. On being asked, Chughtai remarked that he felt that in comparison with the sincerity and the brotherhood with which he had studied the Western art, he had not yet even looked enough at the Eastern art. He said that in pursuance of his studies of Western art he surveyed every historical place, he journeyed to every corner of Germany; he travelled throughout the length and breadth of France, and explored every corner of Great Britain, and to refresh his studies he went again to Europe. He claims that he has exerted all his talents to comprehend the real spirit of that art and all that he has inferred is this, that the regal path for the Oriental artists lies in his adherence to the Oriental traditions just as the salvation of the women of the East lies in its Orientalism. He has depicted such characters as bear the characteristics of an eagle, such dauntless, calm & pensive, such veteran holy warriors, and such lovely ladies who represent the glories of our culture and of our cultural values. His Etchings are a splendid contribution to our art and through this medium he has provided a memorable sustenance to our visual perceptions. It is a worthy achievement which has exerted its influence even on the West which has recognized the technical qualities and the artistic virtues of his great Etchings. All critics of art and letters have recognized his individuality in Etching.

To-day the art of Chughtai and his pictorial creations have an international reputation. Chugatai and his art are the subject of reviews

great poems. If Chughtai has had the privilege of being a contemporary of [illegible] the conception framed by the philosophic theory which had long overmastered the human mind. He has poured his [illegible] type object that the human [illegible] as the attractive [illegible] and commanded [illegible] Chughtai's colours [illegible] his images have an enabling effect on him. His visualisations are wedded to the social order to which he belongs and are determined by its demands. His conceptions take the form of a melody that resounds within us so that we cannot remain unmoved by the purity of his art and his creations.

The personality of Chughtai even to-day because of his modern tendencies attracts to itself the solitary movements that have lost the faculties of thought and feeling because of their indulgence in art for art's sake. He does not indulge in escapism nor does he create any intricacies so that it may not be possible for us to easily appreciate his unbounded creative faculties. The upsetting bewilderment caused in the minds of his fault-finders because of his artistic vigour and his healthy growth is in- [illegible] and his personality [illegible] that his art should express his [illegible] visual standard of those in whose eyes the Eastern art even to-day is as glorious as any great art of the world. The history of Oriental art from Persia to India and from India to the Far East proves its continuity, the centrality of which has raised its loftiness and has provided for it an opportunity to survive; and it is [illegible] Tagore and Chughtai. Chughtai is not desirous of becoming Gauguin, Van Gogh, Picasso, Rouault or Barque. He believes that the secret of our existence [illegible] We should not explore the possibilities in the works of our own artists like Behzad, Mirak,

new vision and a new school. He has established such an individual school of art which called to-day and will ever be called so in future after his name as the Chughtai school. His name will ever remain boldly written in the annals of art history. The school that he has created with all his sincerity, will ever occupy an honourable place in the cultural heritage of mankind. He has created a style of his own out of the pictorial traditions which had wellnigh been forgotten for about two hundred years.

According to Chughtai, art whether Eastern or Western, which is cut off from its traditions, loses sight of its past and does not respond to the National aspirations and needs of contemporary society, has no future. His belief is that every movement that helps elevate man spiritually, morally or individually is valid and will outlast time. For thus it gives to humanity an extraordinary ecstasy, fulness of life and consolation. It is with devoted enthusiasm that the artist in the face of adversities, economic distress and the hypocrisy of friends and admirers confidently endeavours to check the decline and disintegration of humanity and lends strength to a movement with the help of which may be determined the direction to the right path.

The main view-point of Chughtai's vision is to provide such a highway between man and nature which has the warmth of love, the passion of life and the power of discernment that man may not be destitute of his aesthetic imaginations and may not be deprived of the intensity of devotion. When he started his pictorial creation Indian painting, however modern it might have looked at the time, was as full of pessimism that any great poet or painter, although he was alive in his vision and ideology, bore the bone of a continuous slavery. All around thisart had only one pursuit in its creativity, the quest where the Buddha had vanished after his self-emancipation (nirvana). Leaving aside the Mughals, the Orientals did everything to tighten the cords and to narrow the meshes of this net. When Iqbal had composed his first verse or his first poem, he had no thought of Zarb-i-Kalim or Pyam-i-Mashriq.

It is more than half a century ago that Modern Indian Painting

pass in its formation, it also had the sincerity and the distinctive

Modern Indian Art became the focus of attention of

its name, and

It is more than twenty five years since Chughtai has been making

Modern Art of the Indo-Pak subcontinent and ever

enrichment of the country. According to his own statement, he

Bengal for this purpose although he

Bengal school of art. He has

innumerable occasions, his creative talents have received warm tributes of connoisseurs and art lovers. Before he achieved fame, his work received harsh criticism and he had to undergo many hardships. He

but he remained deeply

and objected his

effort in the face of every kind of hostile

Modern Indian Art cannot be complete without a chapter of his

Chughtai is the only artist of the Indo-Pak subcontinent whose works and style have raised so great a controversy and about

Some think that Chughtai is an artist whose vision is inspired by the past. But those who are close to him

believe that he is a progressive Modern artist and as a man he has all the qualities and characteristics of the twentieth century. Chughtai aims at a new technique, a new style, a

CHUGHTAI

THE ARTIST

It is seldom that the greatness of an artist is recognized in his own life time. Many creative artists have lived and died unsung without achieving contemporary fame. But once in a while we find that the genius of an artist is discovered and recognized by a society that shares the aspirations, beliefs, convictions, values and ideals which give to the artist a directing and shaping influence. A true artist is always conscious of his responsibilities to his society. He is always searching for new means, methods and techniques to reveal his unique and personal experiences and emotions to common people, as well as to the cultured and cultivated. He knows that his creations should embody the needs, desires and spiritual aspirations and values of the community which he represents. If he fails in this endeavour, the springs of his creativity will dry up. The development of his mind and art will be impeded.

The creative values of Chughtai's art arise from his own character in himself. From his earliest years he was sceptical of many of the trends of modern art and was suspicious of the motives and objectives of much that was being produced in studios of popular artists. He has not resisted the temptation of following modern trends and he has remained true to his own vision and his means of artistic expression would have become barren and he would never have been able to discover and illustrate by his work how deep and remote are the origins of our own culture. Chughtai has a profound knowledge and understanding of our culture and all his work is informed by this knowledge and understanding.

[illegible] Maulana Jalal-ud-Din Roomi whom Iqbal has acknowledged as His Preceptor and [illegible] at several places in his poems. But the [illegible] Dante's Divine Comedy. As Professor Barzani has put it in one of his articles, "Dante starts on his voyage to purify himself so as to be able to contemplate God.... Iqbal's voyage of conquest is possible only after Dante has returned from his voyage of purification". He has acutely remarked that [illegible] while the 'Book of Eternity' stands under the heavy and distant omen of the insatiable power of man"

It is beauty allied with power in Iqbal's poetry, that has impelled Chughtai's gifted brush to transmute his ideas into his inimitable combination of colours and lines that, in the words of Dr. James H. Cousins, seem to be less lines of painting than of some inaudible poetry made visible". His sensitivity and the quality of pictorial lyricism that characterise his paintings, have already assured the Artist a niche in the [illegible] he has offered us in this volume will endure in the coffers of Time, long after some of the present-day aberrations that pass muster under the generous name of Modern Art, have sunk into the Limbo of oblivion.

S. A. RAHMAN

Gulberg, Lahore.
16-12-62.

immortality is possible but it has to be won. "Spatial objects are what which she has forged for us to make us accumulate the present moment for the next". In reality we are timeless, for real time is absolute within which can preserve itself even after the dissolution of the body in which it is centred here, by maintaining it at particular level of intensity which it has so far achieved. In this life too, by choosing the right lines, man can advance to that level of personality which is to be termed as God's viceregency on earth. Such a person is the Perfect Man in whom the highest power is united with the highest knowledge and in whose life, thought and action, matter ceases to become one. His advent will establish the Kingdom of God on earth. "For the present", says Iqbal, "the universe already but the movement of humanity is tending towards the production of an absolutely unique and less unique individuals who will become his living arrows. Thus the Kingdom of God on Earth means the democracy of supreme or Ego-like individuals, presided over by the most unique individual who possesses on this earth. Nietzsche had a glimpse of this ideal race, but his almost feudal aristocratic prejudices marred his whole conception".

The opinion is sometimes expressed that Iqbal probably borrowed his idea of the Perfect Man from Nietzsche. The fact is that as long before he had read or heard anything of Nietzsche, Iqbal has written in detail his doctrine of the Perfect Man, in the Islamic Antiquity, in 1902 and he later incorporated his ideas on the subject in his lectures on the Development of Metaphysics in Persia (1908). Indeed Nietzsche's ahistorical, power-mad superman whose eternal recurrence is predestined, bears no comparison to Iqbal's harmoniously developed Perfect Man who is to be "the last fruit of the tree of humanity". Nietzsche, according to Iqbal, had the heart of a faithful believer but the mind of an infidel –

Special mention must be made of Iqbal's masterpiece in Urdu *Javid Nameh* (the Book of Eternity). It depicts the Poet's adventurous quest through the Heavens, under the guidance of the renowned Persian

[illegible] the world of matter as an illusion.
In the final [illegible] Pantheistic monism involves a moral holiday and destroys the incentive to a life of useful activity. That was why in the [illegible] man's clothing. Plato's [illegible] of the physical world around us and [illegible] It was this obsession with the [illegible] through the Neo-Platonists to [illegible] that Islam promulgated into the stream of quietist escapism. The world of [illegible] provides the necessary obstruction [illegible] for the Conquest of Nature. Ceaseless striving alone is the sign and symbol of life and contemplation [illegible] arrive, for he says:

[illegible]

[May God ord[illegible] journey's end for love.]

[illegible] of the Elan Vital and [illegible] purposeless stream of life. [illegible] creative force [illegible] conscious of itself in its [illegible] present partly free and partly [illegible] quest for greater freedom and its [illegible] most free and most unique individual [illegible] not lose his identity in the Absolute. [illegible] self-discipline, the individual can [illegible] God in himself [illegible] is the keynote of Iqbal's philosophy [illegible] Art, literature, ethics and religion. [illegible] good, that which weakens it is bad. [illegible] with the degree of the feeling [illegible] and the preservation of that [illegible] to make us immortal. Personal

relationship as a basis of human unity, describing it as earth-rootedness and a form of barbarism. "Humanity", he declared, "needs three things to-day—a spiritual interpretation of the Universe, spiritual emancipation of the individual and basic principles of a universal import directing the evolution of human society on a spiritual basis". These principles he found embodied in the Islamic conception of life, which cuts across all geographical, racial and other social barriers and visualises an ideological community traditional in its values, progressive in its outlook and reconciling the individual and the community, church and state, the ideal and the real into one harmonious whole. He could not countenance the dichotomy of religious and political values that prevailed in the West. The theistic Islamic socialism which declares land to be for God and makes property a trust in the hands of owners, was, for Iqbal, the social system of the future, in preference to materialistic communism with its class war and regimentation of thought and action. To those who were inclined to cavil at his ostensible parochialism, he pointed out that the object of his Persian poems was not to make a case for Islam. He was aiming at a universal social reconstruction and in the process, he found it philosophically impossible to ignore a social system which expressly avows a universal humanistic code of life. He did not regard philosophy as the handmaid of religion.

Iqbal was par excellence the poet of affirmation—his poetry says 'Yes' to life. In this respect he stands in refreshing contrast to some of the moderns whose frustrated and cynical outlook is singularly devoid of vital values. He describes life as a forward assimilative movement, its essence being the continual creation of desires and ideals. In his view, the Universe is not a finished product but is still in the process of making though not in accordance with a predestined, preconceived plan, such as would rob it of all originality. Man too takes his share in creation inasmuch as he helps to bring order into at least a portion of the chaos. He thus parts company with the English Neo-Hegelians as well as those Pantheistic *sufis* who hold up as an ideal, the absorption of the individual

immense sweep of his scholarship resulting from a profound study of
[illegible] religious literature to a critical appreciation of modern thought.
[illegible] development of Meta-
[illegible] published
[illegible], for a time
[illegible] and interest
[illegible] from
atheism in his younger days.

[illegible] with
the translation of his *Asrar-i-Khudi* (Secrets of the Self) into English,
by the late Dr R. A. Nicholson of Cambridge, but the passage of time
seems to have won him a still wider appreciation, after his death. Prof.
A. J. Arberry and Mr. V. J. Kiernan have given us English translations
[illegible] of Rumi's
[illegible], under the title
[illegible]
[illegible] Mr. Naqsh's translations
[illegible] World Azan of
[illegible] Arabic verse
[illegible] composed the
late Malik-ush-Shuara Bahar of Iran that he declared: -

عصر حاضر خاصۂ اقبال کـــے

[The present era has become the era of Iqbal].

Local scholars have also produced translations of some of his works
[illegible] of Pakistan. The
literature on Iqbal seems to be growing day by day.

[illegible] Pardesi
nationalism and sang the songs of united India marching to freedom
[illegible] of Colonialism
[illegible] the shackles
[illegible] He also condemned blood-

All-India Muslim League, held at Allahabad in [illegible] in his historic address, formulated the idea of an independent Muslim State, which subsequently became Pakistan. He was a Member of the Round Table Conference and Indian Leader entrusted by the Government of India on important missions to Spain, Italy and other countries. He returned to his beautifully simple life at home, after having passed through great vicissitudes in all public affairs of the day. He passed away on the 21st April 1938, deeply mourned by the entire people of the country and specially by the Muslim masses, seventy-thousand of whom participated in the funeral procession. He was laid to rest in the vicinity of the historic Badshahi Mosque, a monument to the piety of the Mughal Emperor, Aurangzeb.

Iqbal's versatile genius was equally at home in the three languages Urdu, Persian and English. In the Persian work, he made a valuable contribution to exquisite verse of a very high order, besides some miscellaneous writings like his letters, and lectures on Economics, or Essays and the records of his conversations. He was a voracious reader and was familiar with classical knowledge. The first collection of his Urdu poems, *Bang-i-Dara*, came out in 1924. The *Bal-i-Jibril* his acknowledged masterpiece in Urdu language, and the *Zarb-i-Kalim*, were published in 1935 and 36 respectively, while the *Armughan-i-Hijaz*, which also includes some Persian verse appeared posthumously in 1938. His central philosophical theme and expression in poetical form in his Persian poem, the *Asrar-i-Khudi* 1915 and its supplement, the *Ramuz-i-Bekhudi* 1918. The Persian *Payam-i-Mashriq* was written in response to Goethe's West-Ostlicher Divan [illegible]. The *Zabur-i-Ajam* and *Pas chih bayd kard ai Mushq*, followed in 1927 and 1936 respectively and his major work, "The *Javid Nama*"—the Divine Comedy of the East in 1932.

Among his English prose works, pre-eminence belongs to "The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam," which has been published

Iqbal appears to have been conscious of his own apostolic role, for he says:

I have a mind of the car of To-day
I am the voice of the poet of [illegible]

Asrar-i-Khudi

And again he predicts.

[illegible]

Zabur

[After I am gone, they shall recite my verses, understand and say,
A man conscious of his self, changed the hue of a whole world].

This is not the occasion for an exhaustive account of Iqbal's life and thought but a brief survey of the salient points of both might serve [illegible] in [illegible] Western reader

Born at Sialkot in the Punjab on the 22nd of February 1873, in a middle class [illegible] Muhammad Iqbal (to give him his full name) received his early education in the place of his birth. During those formative years he was fortunate in having a teacher of the calibre of M. Mir Hasan, a scholar of the old school, who inculcated in him the love of his Muslim heritage. In 1895 he shifted to Lahore, the Provincial capital, where [illegible] was Professor of Philosophy in the Government College, Lahore. Iqbal obtained his Master's Degree from that College in 1899. He served for a time as a lecturer in that institution. In 1905 he proceeded to Europe to study Philosophy at Trinity College, Cambridge and at Munich where he [illegible] Ph.D. at Munich's Ludwig Maximilian University. He was also called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, London, in 1908. He returned in that year to Lahore where he passed the rest of his days, devoting himself whole-heartedly to his literary [illegible] and political activities. He practised as an Advocate for a short time only, together. In 1922 he was knighted for his eminence in letters. In 1927, he was elected to the Punjab Legislative Council of which he remained a member for three years. He presided over the Annual Session of the

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

JUSTICE S. A. RAHMAN, *M. PA.*

INTRODUCTION

When Chughtai was only 29, he brought out a splendidly illustrated edition of the Divan of the famous Urdu Poet, Ghalib, and named it "Muraqqa-i-Chughtai". Iqbal contributed a Foreword to that production and described it as "a unique enterprise in modern Indian painting and printing". Now that the Artist and his art have both reached maturity, he has conjured up the practical idealism of Iqbal by the magic of his brush, in what bids fair to be his *magnum opus*.

The question may well be asked—why has Chughtai devoted the fullness of his artistic genius to this reverential tribute to Iqbal? The answer is plain. Iqbal was the apostle of Muslim renaissance and the ideological inspirer of Pakistan, though he did not live long enough to witness the translation of his dream into reality. He was the Poet-Philosopher of the East and in his time, the best representative and symbol of that culture in which Chughtai has his roots and with which he has maintained a vital contact in his life-work. It was he who quickened the Indian Muslims to a sense of their high destiny. In the words of the well-known Indian poet, M. Ghulam Qadir Girami who wrote in Persian:

در دیدهٔ معنی نگهان حضرت اقبال
پیغمبری کرد و پیمبر نتوان گفت

[In the eyes of those who appreciate significance, Iqbal functioned as a prophet though he cannot be termed one].

فرمانِ خدا

اُٹھو مری دُنیا کے غریبوں کو جگا دو
کاخِ اُمرا کے در و دیوار ہلا دو
گرماؤ غُلاموں کا لہُو سوزِ یقیں سے
کنجشکِ فرومایہ کو شاہیں سے لڑا دو
سُلطانیٔ جمہُور کا آتا ہے زمانہ
جو نقش کہُن تم کو نظر آئے مِٹا دو
جس کھیت سے دہقاں کو میسّر نہیں رُوزی
اُس کھیت کے ہر خوشۂ گندم کو جلا دو
کیوں خالق و مخلوق میں حائل رہیں پردے
پیرانِ کلیسا کو کلیسا سے اُٹھا دو

انقلاب

خواب از خون رگ مزدور سازد لعل ناب
از جفای دهخدایان کشت دهقانان خراب
انقلاب!

انقلاب! اے انقلاب!
شیخ شہر از رشتۂ تسبیح خندد مومن بدام
کافرانِ سادہ دل را برہمن زنار تاب
انقلاب!

انقلاب! اے انقلاب!
میر و سلطان گرد باز و کبکِ تیزانِ شان ذلیل
جان خسکوان زین برند و محکمان بخواب
انقلاب!

انقلاب! اے انقلاب!
واعظ اندر مسجد و فرزند او در مدرسه
آن بہ پیری رو سکے این با پیر در عہد شباب
انقلاب!

انقلاب! اے انقلاب!

اے مسلمانان فغان از فتنہ ہائے علم و فن
اہرمن اندر جہان از زان ویزدان دیر یاب
انقلاب!

انقلاب! اے انقلاب!
صبح دزدان شیشہ ہائے عمر خاصر دیدہ ام
آن چنان زہرے کہ از نے ہا در تریاق ناب
انقلاب!

انقلاب! اے انقلاب!
در کلیسا ابن مریم را بدار آویختند
مصطفیٰ زنجیر حجرت کرد با ام الکتاب
انقلاب!

انقلاب! اے انقلاب!
صبح دزدان شیشہ ہائے عمر خاصر دیدہ ام
آن چنان زہرے کہ از نے ہا در تریاق ناب
انقلاب!

انقلاب! اے انقلاب!

باضعیفان گاہ زیرک پنگان می دہند
شعلۂ شاید برون آید ز فانوس حباب
انقلاب!

انقلاب! اے انقلاب!

راه‌توشه

رهروان را توشه از همت بود — کاروان را توشه از وحدت بود

من چکاوک‌سان فغان‌ها می‌کنم — تا ز خواب غفلت این ملت جهم

ناله‌ام از قید تقلید است و بس — تا نگردد ملت من خار و خس

اقبال

طرحِ نو می‌افگند اندر ضمیرِ کائنات — چنگ را گیرید از دستم که کار از دست رفت

ناله‌ها کز سینهٔ اهلِ نیاز آید برون — نغمه‌ام خون گشت و از رگ‌های ساز آید برون

THE AUTHOR EXPRESSES HIS GRATITUDE TO PROF R A NICHOLSON
PROF J ARBERRY, PROF. V. G KIERNAN PROF ER C CYPRIAN
AND OTHERS FOR ENGLISH POEMS OF DR IQBAL

MASTERPIECE

The heavens and the earth were made.
The Creator paused and surveyed
His creation; He willed to make
also His masterpiece.
All the world lay before him
But He could not name what was His masterpiece.
Then said the Creator, let Him who
We made in Our image do this too!
Has it fallen to Man to name what is
His masterpiece
The Angels bowed low before the honour
come to Man
And a light spread far and wide and
gathered fast and quickened over the entire cosmos.
The chosen one is still immersed
in the work entrusted to him
— In spite of all his servings and efforts, he has not been able to
name what is His masterpiece.

CHUGHTAI

عروسِ لالہ

بیا کہ بلبلِ شوریدہ نغمہ پرداز است
عروسِ لالہ ز پا تا سرش ز ناز است

اقبال

THE PERSIAN IDOL

This is a representation of romanticism of Chughtai, full of poetry and lyric. It has a glamour of colours, fragrance and dazzling perfection of a nice composition.

Chughtai as a master artist is gifted with extraordinary power of design and craftsmanship. This picture has been drawn with great love and affection. The brightest touches of colours and delicate tones are very sensitive and have a variety of mood. It seems to dissolve into a dream atmosphere.

This masterpiece is like a lyrical song, which has been composed in rhythmical lines and harmonious colours, along with green cypress trees in the background.

"SPRING LIKE THIS! SUCH NOTES OF THE NIGHTINGALE!
UNVEIL THY FACE, SING A SONG AND HAND ROUND THE WINE THUS!
BID THE SPRING BREEZE TO FOLLOW MY FANCY
WHICH BEDECKS WITH BLOOMS VALLEY AND PLAIN THUS!

IQBAL

Poet
of
The East
and
Chughtai

Ramadan

AND

Eidain